

Wednesday July 10 1948

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JOHN BULL



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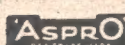
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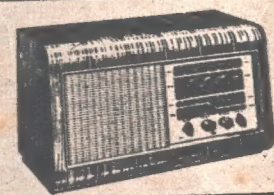
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FIRST AID DRESSINGS—FABRIC OR WATERPROOF BOTH IN RED TINS AT CHEMISTS

Eyes on Berlin, Please

THE "COLD WAR," too, is a world war. From South Wales to Singapore, from Berlin to the Greek mountains, quarrels which fill the newspaper front pages are part of the organized attack of Communism on the Western democracies.

But the key-spot is Berlin.

That is where the Russians have been putting our strength, patience and intelligence to the real test.

The Russians seek to squeeze the British and Americans out of Berlin, not because they want a few more square miles of ruins, a few more Germans as slaves, but because that city is the key to Germany.

If we could be forced out of Berlin, the rest of Germany, in despair and disillusion, might turn its eyes to the East. And not only Germany. The Russians hope that our departure would prove to the world that the Western democracies are too weak and irresolute to be depended on anywhere.

There is only one way of answering that. Straight speech, strong action and the sort of statesmanship which will kill that Communist lie before it can spread.

Watch Berlin. It is the duty of every citizen of Western Europe and America to study and understand the news of what has been happening there.

Getting the Nurses

THE NEW HEALTH SERVICE starts under a big handicap—a shortage of fifty thousand nurses.

Getting the nurses we need into our understaffed hospitals will be a gigantic job. We will succeed only if it is shown plainly that the old evils, drudgeries and handicaps of our nursing system are being ruthlessly swept away.

Girls are no longer attracted to nursing on the outworn argument that it is a "vocation" or a "service" which is above such personal considerations as low pay, drudgery and oppressive regulations.

Nursing has always been a worthwhile occupation. It must now be made well-paid and pleasant as well. It must be freed from its legacy of Victorian discipline, bad food, poor living quarters and low pay, which are still too widespread.

Three Steps Forward

THIS WEEK WE ARE GLAD to record and praise efforts to clean up three social evils.

Clean-up No. 1 concerns food, and it follows a demand voiced emphatically by JOHN BULL that dirty handling of food should be stopped by law and by better education in hygiene.

Now the British Tourist and Holiday Board is on the warpath. Its campaign to raise standards of cleanliness in Britain's 184,000 hotels, restaurants and cafés deserves the fullest public support.

More than five thousand people die every year from infection caused by dirty food and drink. A shocking instance recently was that of ninety-three people made ill because a baker worked without washing his hands.

Notified cases of food-poisoning have increased tenfold in six years. This must stop.

Good luck, therefore, to the Holiday Board. We shall watch its achievements and continue to give it our support.

Clean-up No. 2 is promised as the result

of an inquiry now being started by Charles Key, Minister of Works, to find the most efficient types of small houses for family life. These findings should improve the lot of millions of future housewives.

Too many women still toil under home conditions which their husbands would not tolerate in factories and offices.

Clean-up No. 3 concerns juvenile crime and punishment. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, is abolishing bread and water punishment in Borstal Institutions.

Discipline and punishment there must be for young toughs whom society is trying to reclaim. But no true reform can come from a humiliating penalty which damages the health.

How encouraging are these three pieces of progress. For there cannot be much wrong with a country which, in spite of grave handicaps, keeps on trying to make life better for its citizens.

Railways Do the Job

THE SEASON OF GREATEST PRESSURE on our railways is just about to begin. Trains are going to be crowded and millions of people are going to grumble.

But let's be fair. JOHN BULL wishes to point out, before the storm blows up, that British Railways and their staffs are doing a magnificent job under great handicaps.

Much of the track needs renewing; it is only slowly being improved because manpower and materials are short.

Railwaymen, whose reliability we take for granted, are nevertheless not as fit as they were in 1939. They cannot be blamed for what the Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways describes as "disturbance of mind and a lessening in concentration after the strain of six years of war."

Rolling stock is shorter. We have only forty thousand coaches on the rails compared with forty-six thousand ten years ago, and locomotives are also fewer and need more repairs.

Considering all these things, isn't it remarkable, not that accidents sometimes happen and trains are sometimes late, but that our mighty railway system continues to function so well, twenty-four hours a day?

That Tax Refund

THIS, AS A YEAR AGO, is Budget Pay-as-you-Earn refund week. During it, millions of pounds of income tax overpaid in the past thirteen weeks will be refunded to ten million P.A.Y.E. payers.

There is a difference this year from last. The individual refunds, which will range from a few shillings to a good many pounds, are coming at a time when there isn't quite so much money about.

Economically, we are still in a very tough spot, but there are more of some things in the shops, though prices of many non-essentials are higher than ever before.

Taxpayers will find the refunds useful for holidays and other essential needs. But even if most of us have less money in our pockets nowadays, are we right in lashing out on a spending spree, however small?

Let's not forget National Savings; let's keep something in hand for the day, which may not be long ahead, when prices will really fall.

If all of us use our money the right way we will hasten the time when we can be sure of getting maximum value from what we spend.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play

To turn our economic night to day.

That's why I ask just now

"Your patience, please."

My own part takes me mainly overseas."

JOHNNIE WALKER

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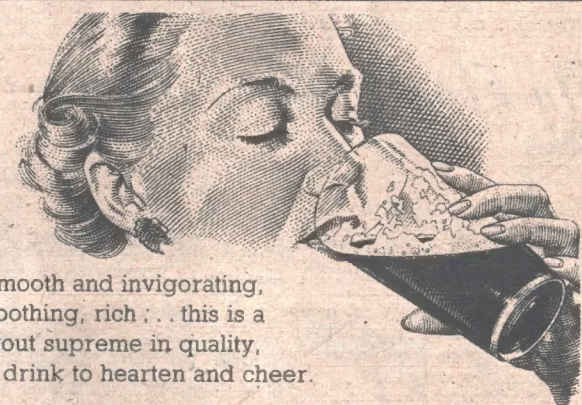
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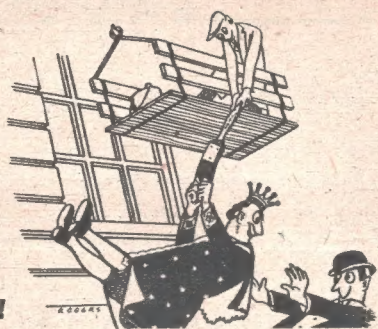
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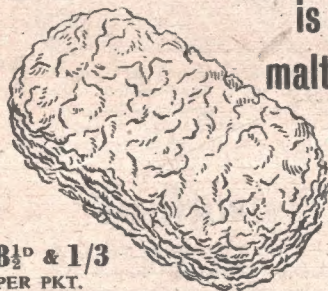


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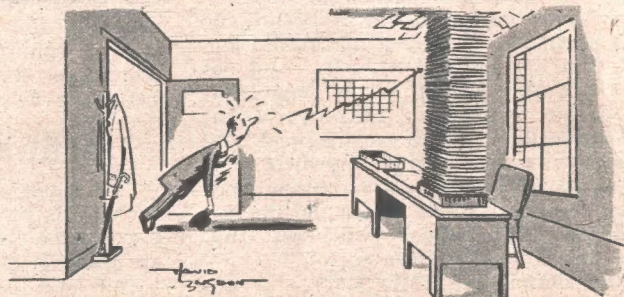
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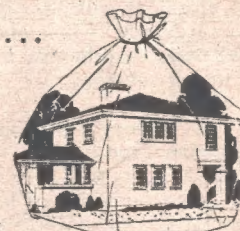
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50 MILES OF MONKEY-NUTS

by GILBERT McALLISTER, M.P.

What exactly is happening? How did it begin? When do we see the results? That vast enterprise, the African groundnuts scheme, poses plenty of questions—this full eye-witness account gives the answers

FRANK SAMUEL started it all—the biggest farm in human history. It will cover eventually three and a quarter million acres. In one section of the farm the groundnut fields will stretch from one rim of mountain to another over a vast plateau fifty square miles in extent.

It is the answer—or the beginning of the answer—to the world shortage of margarine, cooking fats and soap.

I flew five thousand miles from London to tropical East Africa to see for myself what is the most exciting adventure since the war ended—and the biggest co-operative endeavour since President Roosevelt launched the great enterprise of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

At a time when private enterprise and public enterprise seem very often to be incalculable antagonists, it stands out as an example of what can be achieved when big business co-operates with public enterprise in a State-sponsored corporation—and under a Labour Government at that.

Now the shortage of fats, almost as much as the shortage of grain, is a big postwar headache. No food scarcity has been felt so much by the British housewife (especially if she is Yorkshire and bakes her own bread).

Millions of Tons Short

Ninety per cent of the butter, margarine and soap used in the United Kingdom prewar came from overseas. But the world shortage today is five million tons. The war hit not only the consuming but the producing countries.

To no one was this a bigger headache than Frank Samuel.

Samuel is chairman of the United Africa Company, which is part of the huge Unilever organization. The United Africa Company has played a great part in the development of West Africa. And since the parent company at Port Sunlight is mainly interested in the manufacture of margarine and soap, the daughter company is naturally interested in the production of the raw materials—the oils and fats which go to the making of margarine and soap.

Some of these are animal in their origin; whale oil, or butter fat from cow's milk. A great many are of vegetable origin and

come from the coconut palm, from crops like linseed, rape and sunflower.

The groundnut—the familiar monkey-nut or peanut—is one of the best sources of oil. It is called the groundnut because the stalk of the plant, which grows about ten inches high, burrows into the sandy soil before forming the seeds encased in the fibrous shell. From one hundred tons of shelled groundnuts you get about forty-four tons of oil. Add salt and water to that and you get fifty tons of margarine. Varying the formula a little, you get fifty tons of soap.

Flight Gave Him Idea

In the spring of 1946, just over two years ago, Samuel, already a man in his early sixties, was flying over Tanganyika to Dar-es-Salaam, across vast areas for the development of which he and his colleagues of the United Africa Company were responsible.

Looking down he saw Africa—not the little patches here and there to which the white man has, with much benefit to the African native and much toil and sweat to himself, brought civilization, but the Africa which is still primitive and untamed, a desolate wilderness of scrub, bush and jungle, where the lion and the leopard prowl by night, where undernourished tribes have been scarcely affected by the onward rush of civilization.

Samuel looked again. Below him stretched the plains, limitless, almost uninhabited, completely uncultivated. That night in Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika Territory, Samuel talked it over with Miller, the Director of Agriculture. "What are we going to do with these millions of acres of uncultivated land in Tanganyika?" he asked.

And then he answered his own question. In a moment of insight and inspiration he saw these vast territories cleared of bush, tamed by the tractor, cultivated by man. "We should plant groundnuts," he told Miller.

Groundnuts! Oil! Fats! Fertility for Africa—the part answer to the world's scarcity.

Samuel was used to thinking big. He knew that unless we could bring to the tasks of peace something of the same boldness of conception and execution that we brought to the tasks of war, there was



Gilbert McAllister, M.P., gets groundnut workers' views at first hand

little hope for mankind. Was this a bigger scheme than the creation of the Mulberry Harbour for the Normandy Coast? Was it bigger than the Suez Canal? Bigger than the Dneiper Dam, bigger than the Panama Canal or the T.V.A.? It was on the same scale—a vast enterprise which would require millions of pounds of money, all the courage and resource of pioneers and the faith that moves mountains.

Flying home to England the next weekend, Frank Samuel hardly slept. He sat, notebook in hand, jotting down the points of a memorandum on the development of Tropical Africa.

Blueprint; Then Action

When he got to his home in Kent his wife, who had not seen him for months, hardly saw him for the next four or five days. He sat in his study hammering the memorandum into shape, checking his estimates against factual data available, trying to see for himself that there were no serious flaws in his argument.

The memorandum was entitled "A Project for the Mass Production of Groundnuts in Tropical Africa," dated March 28, 1946. It went to the Ministry of Food, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies and to the Treasury. Some officials regarded the scheme as fantas-

tically ambitious. Eventually the Government decided to send out a three-man mission of inquiry which endorsed Frank Samuel's views; envisaged a six-year plan; suggested that over three million acres should be brought under cultivation at once. The cost was estimated at £23 million, with an additional £2½ million for the building of a port and a railway.

Even then, there were many who had doubts about the whole scheme. Never before had any Government Department been asked to sponsor a farming scheme covering so much land or costing so much money.

It was John Strachey, the Minister of Food, who settled all the doubts, carrying the Cabinet with him in his decision.

"The groundnuts scheme," he said, "must go on. It must go on at once. We shall introduce a Bill into Parliament asking the House of Commons to establish a new public corporation to run the entire scheme. As a first step we shall set up a working party under the leadership of W. A. Faure, the world's greatest expert on the production of vegetable oils and fats, to prepare final details for the scheme for the consideration of the Cabinet. We shall ask the United Africa Company to become the managing agents of the new enterprise, ready to hand over to the corporation at a later date. Faure will

act as executive director of the managing agency."

That was in November, 1946. Faure's immediate task was to secure tractors and bulldozers necessary to clear the land. Some of the agricultural machinery was bought from a Toronto firm.

But still there was a shortage of heavy clearing tractors. The Unilever organization sent out appeals to their subsidiaries all over the world. From the Philippine Islands their agents wired back that they could get heavy tractors from the United States war surplus there. They were told to buy up as many as they could.

In December the Prime Minister called a special Cabinet meeting to consider the whole groundnuts scheme as it then stood. Funds were made available to the United Africa Company to proceed with the project, the United Africa Company on its side undertaking to carry out all the initial work without any payment whatsoever in respect of its services. A British firm of public works contractors was asked to take a large part in the ground clearance. Another British organization was engaged to carry out development projects.

They Started from Scratch

The first man actually to arrive on the groundnuts scheme was Adam Noble on January 10, 1947. He had made a long journey from the West Coast of Africa by way of Lagos, Leopoldville, Kaballo and Lake Tanganyika. The next party arrived on February 16 and a week later David L. Martin and A. J. Wakefield arrived at Kongwa. Dr. Bunting, the agricultural expert, provisionally outlined the suitable areas and eight experimental plots were laid down.

They had to lay out the camps and erect them. They had to recruit labour. They had to assemble building material. They had to lay out an airstrip and get Government approval for it. They had to keep in constant touch with officials of the Government at Dar-es-Salaam and with the native chiefs.

Kongwa was the first area selected for development. There has been nothing like Kongwa since the days of Cecil Rhodes. This is pioneering in the great sense and those who go to take part in it must not only be tough physically and prepared to endure a good many discomforts which we would not easily tolerate at home; they must have a sense of mission, a feeling that what they are doing is worth while not only for themselves but for Britain and the world.

A short time ago, I flew up from Dar-es-Salaam to Kongwa. Suddenly through the clouds I was able to catch my first glimpse of the groundnuts area. Even

today it is a vast uncultivated plain surrounded by mountains—the Nguru Mountains to the east and the Rubeho Mountains to the south-west.

The whole fifty square miles looks like a photograph of the moon taken through a high-powered telescope. The earth is studded with white circles, the craters of long-extinct miniature volcanoes. And then, as the plane loses altitude, one sees a vast landscape of almost unrelieved scrub, broken only by the gigantic baobab trees, each hundreds of years old, each many feet in diameter.

Fifteen months ago this area of fifty square miles was inhabited only by some three hundred families of Africans of one of the most primitive tribes, the Wagogo. They lived only by hunting. Their houses were the smallest I saw in Africa, six feet high at the most, made of mud but strong. Cultivation was unknown to them.

As the plane came down I suddenly saw in the midst of the bush and jungle the results of the efforts of the first groundnuts party. On the right lay a reservoir constructed at speed to meet the urgent need for a good water supply. On the left was what looked like a military encampment, a town of tents, the first homes of the pioneer party.

Beyond lay areas of bush which had been cleared. And cool and fresh in contrast to the dried up countryside around were the thousands of acres of groundnuts almost ready for cropping. We circled over the area and noticed the trim layout, the broad roads which traversed the area, the golf course, the experimental farm. Even before we landed we found it hard to believe that twelve months earlier this area had yet to feel the impact of man's energy.

At the landing-field Faure met us. He had come to supervise a transfer of control from the United Africa Company to the Overseas Food Corporation, under its managing director, General Harrison, and David L. Martin who had been responsible for the work up to twenty-four hours before we landed.

White Girls Keep Spruce

We all lunched together in one of the large marquees which served as restaurants. It was, by British standards, a good lunch with plenty of Kenya butter. At another table were several young women who had come out to Tropical Africa as secretaries.

They deserved a second look, not only because they were good-looking but because, although the nearest hairdresser was at least two hundred miles away, they might just have visited a modern beauty parlour. Although women proved during

the war that they could face any hazard and still keep every hair in place, it was just a little surprising to see these girls who had been willing to leave all the security and comparative comfort of home to go and live in tents six degrees below the Equator. They worked in the heat of an unfailing sun every day, and at night they slept in dormitory tents.

Apart from the Wagogo the only living things found in the Kongwa area at the beginning of 1947 were elephants, lions, hyenas, zebras, a great many leopards, antelope, various kinds of buck, and an occasional rhino.

Parley with African Chiefs

Immediately after lunch I went out to see the work of clearing the bush. Three months after the arrival of the pioneer party in 1947, a tractor school had been opened for the natives. The African chiefs in the Dodoma district were brought together and the whole scheme was explained to them. The recruitment of labour then went ahead with their approval and support. By the end of November, 1947, the European staff was over 500, and 5,500 Africans were employed on the work at Kongwa. Over 450 African natives had been passed as proficient in the operation of heavy clearing tractors and 240 in the operation of agricultural tractors.

It is a staggering comment on the ability of the native African that, with the right training and the right encouragement, only fifteen per cent of those taking the course failed to qualify, even though, apart from an occasional aeroplane flying high overhead, most of them had never seen a machine of any kind before.

To watch these Africans driving the huge machines and to see the joy with which they sent the bush and the jungle trees crashing down was an exciting experience.

Occasionally one would come to grief. There was a roar, almost like the sound of an explosion, as one of the bulldozers, African driver and all, crashed down into a natural pit. It took the combined efforts of the European supervisors and three other tractors to extricate a casualty, but, as soon as this was done, the driver went back to his job again as if nothing very much had happened.

Each unit in the scheme covers thirty thousand acres and this in turn is divided into plantations of 640 acres. After the bush has been cleared the debris is allowed to dry, then it is set alight and when it has burned away the remains are pushed into windrows. These windrows are again allowed to dry and are burned, and finally planted with grass. They

prevent water erosion and are a considerable check on wind erosion.

"Dick" Plummer, the chairman of the Overseas Food Corporation, has given instructions that some baobab trees are to be left. This is a wise decision because they offer some relief to what would otherwise be a very arid landscape. They provide a home for the bees and they would, in a year of extreme drought, provide a final reservoir of water for the natives.

Every operation in the groundnuts scheme is done mechanically. There are mechanical ploughing machines, sowing machines and reaping machines. Six-inch ploughing would be sufficient but eight to nine-inch ploughing is the general rule. Three hundred labourers are the manpower required for thirty thousand acres—one labourer per hundred acres.

At the beginning of December, 1947, 7,500 acres of land were ready for sowing. The whole operation of ploughing, sowing, weeding and rooting took just over four months.

When I visited Kongwa the plants were green and healthy and ready for reaping. There was no sign of any blight or pest. The rows were remarkably clear of weed and no parasitical weeds could be seen. The long, straight furrows would have done credit to the best Scottish ploughman.

One Labourer's Output

As the seed is dropped by machine a tiny quantity of fertilizer is dropped by the same machine between each seed. The rate of production is equivalent to twenty-five tons of groundnuts for each African labourer employed plus the cost of his own subsistence—a rate of agricultural production never previously achieved in any country in the world.

Over the whole Kongwa area there are three main different types of soil—a red friable soil, a good loamy black soil, and a grey soil. The red soil is of excellent quality, and with intensive planting one acre could produce a new high in groundnuts cultivation.

There are some five hundred British agriculturists, engineers, transport officers, doctors, builders and girl secretaries at Kongwa. They were chosen from more than a hundred thousand men and women who applied in London for the opportunity.

The number who have fallen by the wayside is negligible.

Those who are there—although inevitably enough they have their grouses—are fired with enthusiasm for a project which is part of the battle begun by Britain to win for the world the fats and the oils which it so desperately needs.



Baobab tree—wilts before bulldozer's attack. Sometimes mishaps occur

Two pioneers, A. R. I. Mellor (left), D. L. Martin. Thousands volunteered

Answer to unsolved crimes

by WILLIAM J. GAGE.

Thirty-nine murders unsolved in two years; eight out of ten criminals escaping. What are we going to do about it?

AT NEW SCOTLAND YARD, on the desk of Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force, there lies a large and remarkable dossier. Printed across its cover, in big red letters, are the words: "Unsolved Murders, 1946/1948."

Murder, and crimes of violence which stop only just short of murder, have become so commonplace in recent times that Sir Harold and other officials from the Home Secretary downwards are seriously concerned about the cold-blooded lawlessness which has had no parallel in this country for nearly forty years.

In just over two years, thirty-nine people, including eight children, have been murdered in London and the provinces by assailants who are still at large. Five policemen have been recent victims. A further forty-six have been badly injured, and eleven of them only narrowly escaped dying.

Dangerous Work for Police

A few weeks ago P.C. Barron, of the Portsmouth Police Force, came upon three men in the act of stealing a consignment of cigarettes. They set about him with an iron bar and heavy stones. He defended himself with his truncheon, but the men got away and Barron is now in hospital with serious injuries to the head and arms.

Since the war ended, nearly three hundred police officers have been assaulted by men carrying either lethal weapons or iron bars, coshes, rubber tubing or knuckledusters. In the same period, more than seventy ordinary citizens have been so severely injured by bandits that they are either permanently maimed or scarred for the rest of their lives. There are hundreds of others who have been less severely injured.

On a recent Saturday morning, the two partners in a Central London jewellery firm were talking to a casual caller in their office. Three armed and masked bandits rushed into the office with iron bars, coshes and rubber truncheons.

Beaten Up Without Warning

There were no threats or warnings. The three seated men were hit over the head and shoulders with the weapons, and left bleeding on the floor, while the thieves ran out with property valued at over £10,000. A fourth man drove them off in a car. Neither the loot, the thieves nor the car have so far been traced. The three injured men were admitted to hospital to receive prolonged treatment.

On the very same day, two men forced their way into the country home of a banker's wife some miles out of London. They punched her savagely in the face, knocked her to the ground, and bundled her into the cellar. They then drove off in her husband's car, taking with them a small safe containing £400 and jewellery. Neither safe, contents nor car have been found; the thieves are still at large.

Three armed robberies took place recently within a few hours of each other in the Bethnal Green district of London. In one, a young man brandishing a

revolver rushed into a small store, shouting: "This is a real hold-up—give me the money." The owner, an elderly man, had the courage to grapple with the intruder. The man fired a shot, which missed, then knocked the old man down with the pistol and ran off. He has not been captured.

It is the same story in most of our provincial towns—murder, beating-up and general gangsterism, and scores of the smaller towns all report widespread crime increases.

Property stolen in the London area alone last year was to the checked value of £4,632,000. Property recovered amounted to only £787,501.

Of every hundred criminals, eighty-three got away. Taking the country as a whole, the figure for stolen property was £21,000,000. Offences increased by 15.7 per cent. The total of 2,493 reported cases, in the London area alone, was forty-eight per cent higher than in 1938. Crimes of violence caused the deaths of sixty-four people in 1947, and there were thirty-seven victims of murder.

Burglary, shop and housebreaking are seventy-one per cent above prewar level. There were fifty-one attempts at murder or threats of murder in London alone, 847 cases of wounding and twenty-seven cases of manslaughter caused solely in the course of criminal pursuits.

This is a shocking record. And despite the fact that so many of the crimes went unsolved our prisons and detention establishments are more crowded than they have been for thirty-five years. The present daily average population of our prisons and Borstal establishments is 19,000, as compared with 11,000 before the war.

More Child Criminals

There is an alarming increase in crime by young persons, even children. Last year 3,452 children between the ages of eight and thirteen were arrested, of whom 180 were only eight years old. Many were working in gangs. In seven out of ten hold-up cases young criminals under twenty-one have played active parts.

A nineteen-year-old lad, Leslie Anthony Moore, was charged at the Old Bailey recently with shooting at P.C. Kay during a robbery at an Acton factory. With him during the shooting incident were two other lads aged eighteen and fifteen and a half, who are now both in Borstal.

A tailor named Sydney Brown was set upon in his shop in Liverpool by a gang which included a youth of nineteen and a boy of sixteen. The nineteen-year-old used an iron bar and was ably assisted by the younger boy with a cosh.

There are scores of similar cases, all involving the use of weapons and even firearms. And not only are young men concerned in hold-ups. There is also an increase in the number of young women who take part in them. One woman, with nine different charges outstanding against her, is described in the "Wanted" lists as: "blue-eyed, blonde, slim figure, good appearance, painted nails, 5 ft. 7 in., well dressed and speaks with a cultured voice. Age about twenty."

The situation is more serious today

than it has ever been. People who know that I have been a crime reporter for over a quarter of a century often ask me what steps I would take to combat this crime wave if I were at Scotland Yard.

Well, the Yard is five thousand personnel under strength, and the police forces of the whole country twenty thousand under strength. What's to be done about that? I would urge the Home Secretary, in conjunction with the Treasury, to improve *immediately* the pay, working conditions and hours of duty of policemen, without waiting for the recommendations of the Police Committee of Inquiry. In the last year, seven hundred recruits left the force during their period of training because they realized that there is at present no real future in a policeman's job.

I would go back to the old "Beat Patrol." Far too many officers are hanging about in the reserve rooms of police stations, waiting for instructions as the result of 999 messages, when they could be *preventing* crime in the streets. The knowledge that a constable might arrive at any moment during a robbery, and be able to contact others in streets not far away, has always had a great deterrent effect on thieves and house-breakers.

I would introduce a special traffic corps to deal with traffic and point duties, thus releasing experienced men for patrol work.

I would put far more disguised and high-powered cars on the road, and insist that civil servants—not police officers—should be used to make the endless inquiries into trifling offences against various orders and regulations.

Closer Contact Between Forces

I would introduce closer co-operation between separate police forces so that time is not wasted in obtaining permission for an officer from one force to cross the "boundary" into another's territory.

I would have local authorities display prominent notices and relay by wireless warnings to householders and property-owners not to leave their premises with doors, windows or fanlights open, even if only on a shopping expedition. These notices would stress the fact that householders should not talk too freely about their plans for holidays or absences from home. Even some window cleaners, postmen and dustmen have been known to make a rake-off by passing information of this kind to crooks. I would warn against impostors pretending to be local officials but in fact spying out the ground.

I would employ more women in the work of detection; particularly for their assistance in cases where little children are killed or assaulted by maniacs. I would enlist their help in re-opening many of the unsolved murder cases, such as those of Muriel Joan Drinkwater, aged twelve, found strangled near Swansea in the summer of 1946; Sheila Martin, eleven, murdered at Fawkham Green, Kent, a month later; Norma May Dale, four, outraged and killed at York two months after that; and Eileen Lockhart, five, murdered in East London in February of this year.

The crime wave must be broken. Murderers and violent criminals must be rounded up. If some of the suggestions which I have made can be put into effect, the battle against the criminal, which the police are now so dismally losing, might take a turn for the better.



Five-year-old Eileen Lockhart, strangled in a bombed house in Finsbury, London



Twelve-year-old Muriel Joan Drinkwater, murdered near Swansea in summer of 1946



Eleven-year-old Sheila Martin, assaulted and murdered in a Kent wood, July, 1946

I rather care for that!

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

You'd think a girl who was good at sums could solve a simple problem. But, crumbs! Aunt Cleo needed help with this one

AUNT CLEO MET US at the station, but it wasn't so easy to work out which she was at the time on account of Jiggs. When he gets excited he barks.

"You wouldn't be, by any chance, the famous twins?" this lady said. "Abandoned by their parents who've gone off flying to Portugal?" Then she raised her voice and put her thumbs in her ears. "Does he really have to bay like a bloodhound?" she yelled.

So Gerry caught hold of Jiggs and kind of wrestled him. For a liver-and-white spaniel Jiggs is intelligent and mum says he's loving and faithful. That's because he never fights other dogs when he's with her, and looks up at her with a pure and holy look, like any dog will look who knows where the food starts from. With me and Gerry, though, you wouldn't know him for the same dog. He'll growl at bulls, and eat all sorts of things a nice dog would leave alone.

What started Jiggs off was a man in brown boots who got on the train at Woking. He was all right under the seat till then, and no one had any idea he was there. Jiggs can recognize an official pair of boots so it was all right about the ticket collector, but the moment the brown boots came in he climbed out on to the seat and barked all the way to Beckridge. With spaniels you can never tell.

"Father said he was to be shut up in the woodshed," I explained. "And the woman could come in and feed him. But mother said you liked dogs and would love to have him."

"I see," said Aunt Cleo, thoughtfully. "In the war," Gerry told her, "my father was the fastest-flying pilot in the world. He can fly at a thousand miles an hour, easy."

"Haw-haw-haw! I rather care for that!" I said. "That's faster than sound, you silly fool!"

"Well, he can fly faster than sound. He can fly faster than anything. He can fly faster than—"

"Look!" Aunt Cleo said. "I'd rather he didn't lick my face. Haven't you got a lead, or something?"

"He growls if you try to put him on a lead," I explained, and dragged Jiggs down by his back legs. It's the best way. "He's trying to get at the porter now!" I added. "He doesn't like corduroy trousers."

In the car we all sat on the front seat and Jiggs sat on my knees so he could get his head out into the wind and smell what was passing. Aunt Cleo was about twenty, and she had a degree at Oxford. Father said, that had something to do with mathematics and atom bombs and things.

You would have thought she wasn't

interested in doing sums, though. She had hair that hung down on her shoulders and swung out to tickle you when she jerked her head. It was copper-coloured and she had freckles like Gerry and me. A young man was staring at her now, over his shoulder out of a long shiny car, and you could tell Aunt Cleo was pretending she didn't notice.

"So this is your family?" he said. "Nice kids."

"My sister's children," Aunt Cleo snapped. "Would you mind moving your car so I can get out?"

"Crumbs!" Gerry enthused. "That must have cost a lot of money. Is it a Bentley! I'll bet it cost a hundred thousand pounds! I'll bet it cost a million pounds. How fast does it go?"

"Come and try," he invited. "I'll run you up to the house. It's next to my boat."

"You'll stay where you are!" Aunt Cleo ordered. Her cheeks were growing very red.

"Yes, Aunt Cleo," we told her, and it was as she was edging her car out from the kerb that Jiggs was sick over the side. He must have been eating some rubber from under the seat in the train.

"Is that your husband!" Gerry asked. "He must be rich."

"Are you insane?" Aunt Cleo flashed. "Didn't your mother tell you I'm not married? He has a boat tied up at the

landing and has ideas that the place belongs to him, that's all."

"Travelling in cars makes thoroughbred dogs sick," Gerry told her.

"So I notice. Is—it over yet?"

"Very nearly," I said. "I think it's the strong sea air."

"In that case he'll sleep in the garage."

"No matter where he starts out to sleep," Gerry explained, "he finishes up down your bed."

"Not in my house," Aunt Cleo promised.

"Why do you live by yourself down here?" Gerry asked her. "Why aren't you married? You're old enough."

"This house was left me," Aunt Cleo said. "I love it down here." We could see the blue of the bay now, and the cliffs with the road going up towards the town. "I liked it very much until people came and tied up boats uninvited."

HER little house was right at the end of the town by the quay in the old harbour. She took us up to our bedroom. Everything was spotless and bright as a new pin. Suddenly she caught sight of Gerry's face and gave him a hug and a kiss.

"I got a loose tooth," Gerry informed her. He opened his mouth and wobbled it. A whistle sounded from the front garden. "It's that man," Gerry announced.

"Come away from the window," Aunt Cleo hissed.

"Cle-o-pat-ra!" a voice sang out.

Aunt Cleo leant over the sill, scarlet. You could see she was angry but there was a funny look in her eyes every time

she looked at this man. "You're making a scandal in the neighbourhood," she said.

"I would have converse with thee. Anent a dog. Last seen in the raspberry canes about three feet down in the hole he was scratching."

When we had pulled Jiggs out by the tail, the man stood looking at Aunt Cleo. "Look," he said, "hasn't this nonsense gone on long enough?"

"You'd better ask that of Mrs. Vane-Ormiston," Aunt Cleo suggested, tight-lipped. "She's extremely beautiful, they say. And so accomplished."

"She means nothing to me. And you know it. I wouldn't look at her

Continued on page 10



"I found them like this," said Roger quickly. "Nothing to do with me." Aunt Cleo stared

THERE HAVE BEEN a great many alterations in the hotel and restaurant business since before the war; and not all of them have been restricted to the menu.

A Catering Wages Commission has for several years been peering into kitchens and through serving hatches. The Commission's reports have led to a brisk change in the lives of hotel workers and waiters, and look like leading to a change in the workers and waiters themselves. The waiters in particular are still discussing whether this is a good thing or a bad one. Trevor is one who has his doubts.

Trevor is a head waiter. The Ministry of Labour, pursuant to the Wages Regulation (Licensed Residential Establishment and Licensed Restaurant) Order, 1948, refers to him as a waiter, leading or charge.

This is because Trevor, being over twenty - one, exercises supervisory authority over not less than four but less than twelve waiting staff.

Trevor, whose infrequently used surname is Hoskins, governs the dining-room of the Digby Hotel in Sherbourne, a Dorset town in which Trevor was born.

Recently a stir was caused when boys from nearby Sherbourne School assisted in scenes for a new film called *The Guinea Pig*.

The film unit came expansively into Sherbourne with cameras, trucks, cars and strange costumes, filling up the two or three hotels and overflowing into the neighbouring houses. To Trevor, who normally checks with the front office on new arrivals at six every evening and allots tables according to room numbers, so many people with one common purpose presented a problem.

Sensitive to the likelihood that there would be ingredients of oil and water in so mixed and talented a gathering, he devoted much experiment and discreet inquiry to the job of sorting them out among half-a-dozen of his twenty tables.

The director, assistant producer and production manager at one table. The camera crew at another. The actors at others. The ancillary technicians elsewhere. Only in the case of Richard Attenborough and Sheila Sim was the problem simple, for they, being man and wife as well as players in the picture, could be accommodated happily at a table for two in the corner just as you come in the door.

Began at 15s. Weekly

Trevor, at thirty-four, has spent seventeen years as a waiter, if you disregard the time he was away in the Army. When he first left his elementary school in Sherbourne he was apprenticed to a draper, but found, at that time, no affinity to millinery. After eighteen months he threw the job up.

After being a year out of work, the labour exchange sent him to the hotel as a waiter. He was seventeen and a half and took to the job as a duck takes to water.

His pay was 15s. a week, with board and lodging and a minor share of the *tronc*, in which all tips were pooled. He frequently came on duty at seven thirty in the morning and did not finish until midnight. Today a seventeen-year-old employed on a similar spreadover would earn more than £5.

Not only were the hours longer before the war and the pay less, but the work was more complicated. Larger menus meant more time spent on preparing tables with finger bowls, fruit knives, and so on. People who could then regard meals as pleasant occasions rather than animal necessities tended to linger at the table longer.

When the war came, Trevor found himself unaccountably in a London regiment

SENIOR SERVER

by HUBERT COLE

New regulations give more wages for shorter hours. But here's one man who hankers for the old days—tips in plenty, no clock-watching

and saw the world pretty extensively with it—Tobruk, Syria, Ceylon, India and a spell with the Chindits in Burma. When he came back he was offered the job of head waiter.

Trevor has only two waiters and two waitresses to worry about, one waiter living in and the others living out. Their minimum wages (£3 13s. for a waiter living in, £3 8s. for a waitress eating in but living out) are laid down in the Wages Regulation Order. (The Order has scales for 106 different categories of workers, from a *chef de cuisine* (male) living out at £11 10s. a week, to a *Porter, including Hall, Night, House, Basement, Floor, Cellar, Store Porter or "Boots"* (male), living in at £3 0s. 3d.)

Trevor's day begins with a 7.45 a.m. dining-room check. But it is often 10 a.m. before the staff breakfast.

Around eleven forty-five there is a break for a wash and a cup of tea, and lunch begins at twelve thirty. Lunch and dinner, for which the waiters change into tail suits, are restricted in length because of rationing. This, while making things easier on the feet, complicates the serving of drinks, which Trevor supervises.

Having shown the lunchers or diners to their tables and taken their orders for drinks, he writes the orders in his check-book, sends a waitress to fetch them from the bar-hatch, then serves them. With only three courses to keep the customers occupied, Trevor is, he says, flying around like a lunatic to get the drinks to the drinkers before they have finished eating.

Women Drink More Beer

Wines, as well as beer and spirits, come from the bar, where they are kept in a wine rack which is restocked each morning to ensure quick service. But "this concession stuff" doesn't sell very rapidly these days, and Trevor has noticed that women drink beer with meals much more than they did before the war.

The evening meal begins at seven thirty, but for over an hour before that Trevor has been checking on new arrivals and allotting tables, inspecting the dining-room, warning the chef of the numbers expected, and seeing that the coffee is being prepared. The dining-room is clear by eight forty-five or nine, and then comes the worst part of each meal—the clearing up. Pilfering is almost non-existent, but breakages are heavy. Trevor had twenty new cups and saucers a fortnight ago. Today only one cup remains.

Since this is primarily an hotel and not

a restaurant, the turnover of guests is relatively small—about twenty-five every two meals. Tips consequently do not amount to nearly as much as in a restaurant. Trevor, contrary to custom, divides the *tronc* equally between himself and his four assistants.

The worry of finding a contented and reasonably permanent staff is greater than that of coping with the customers. Trevor disapproves in principle of mixing waiters and waitresses, but finds that the women, who replaced men for the first time during the war, "though they may natter more, are more reliable. They do not, as men have done, fly into a tantrum and walk out in the middle of a meal."

When Tact is Needed

Testy customers are in the minority, possibly because they usually respond to Trevor's theory that it is better to suppress a complainant with courtesy than with abruptness.

Most hectic of recent hubbubs was due to the different speeds at which some waiters and waitresses work. A customer, having given his order to one waitress, heard a similar order being given from the next table to another waitress. The second table was served first, and then his own waitress returned to say that there was no more of that particular dish.

The guest complained to Trevor with all the aggrieved fervour of one who has had his place jumped in the bus queue. Trevor explained that the first waitress, having more than one table to attend to, failed to get her order in to the kitchen before the second waitress. It was highly regrettable but, what with shortage of both foodstuffs and staff.

The guest was not pacified. He called for the manageress. The manageress confirmed Trevor's diagnosis and added her own apologies.

The guest continued in wrath. The chef was consulted. The chef suggested an omelette, specially fabricated and of rare quality. The omelette was made and set before the guest. Watched by the anxious staff, the guest consumed it, the purple left his cheeks and his eyes were no longer bloodshot. The guest smiled. The staff sighed. Trevor bustled off still more convinced that there are other ways of dealing with dissatisfied customers than biting their heads off.

In between his dining-room duties, Trevor is a great man for hobbies. Last winter it was water-colours. Recently it has been making women's hats out of



Trevor solves tricky wine problem for Richard Attenborough

pipe cleaners and bits of lace. He read that a man in America was doing this and decided that what an American could do a Dorset man could do just as well. On his days off and during the afternoon lulls he set to work on his first hat. When finished, he presented it to Sheila Sim.

He has completed eight up to now; all have a frame made of twisted pipe cleaners, with assorted trimmings. Here the tail feathers from pheasants come in handy.

The completed hats, despite their unusual basic ingredients, looked much like any other hats. Which is possibly not a compliment. Work on them can be only spasmodic, since the waiting profession absorbs a great deal of one's time.

When asked if, starting his life all over again, he would once more take up the same profession, he answers no. This is probably because Trevor is at heart a sentimentalist, and sentimentalists are never entirely pleased with the activities of Government commissions, whether they are inquiring into conditions in the catering business or anything else.

The most common grievance of waiters against the new regulations is that they are likely to reduce the efficient waiter's income instead of increasing it. This is because the new regulations about overtime encourage an employer to use the waiters on a shift system instead of spreading their work over the day. And the shorter the period of work the fewer the tips.

Always Out to Please

This doesn't affect Trevor and his staff to a very great extent, since they work in an hotel, not a restaurant; but he still feels that waiting is not a job susceptible to close regulation. He feels that, to be good, a waiter must be not only willing but even anxious to hang around to all hours looking after his customers.

Where one is to find waiters with that outlook in a world which is increasingly striving to provide workers with more leisure, he does not know. If they are to be attracted to the job they must be guaranteed certain rigid, impersonal conditions of pay and employment. Yet if they are to be first class at the job they must, he thinks, strike up a relationship with the customer which is so personal as to be almost emotional.

How that particular conflict can be resolved he does not know. But then he has still not found the job he really wants to do.

I RATHER CARE FOR THAT!

Continued from page 8

twice." He seemed to be going to say something else, then stopped.

"Why don't you marry him?" Gerry asked Aunt Cleo. "Then we could all ride in his Bentley."

"I wouldn't marry him now," Aunt Cleo said, just as if he wasn't standing there watching her, "if he were the last man left in the world—and," she said, "there were no more women, either, except me, for him to run after." She shut the window with a bang.

"Keep your dog off my dress," Aunt Cleo said. "Besides, it's a Lagonda. To think that before I came to my senses, I—the trouble with him," she said fiercely at Gerry, "is he's too eligible. Too much money and too many girls running after him. And won't do any work, or take anything seriously."

"Why does he keep following you?" Gerry demanded.

"Nothing better to do," Aunt Cleo snapped. "First one girl, then another. Haven't I anything better to do than be one of his amusements—like fishing, or his cars?"

It seemed a lot of fuss about nothing, but the next day we saw him again. We were out on the beach, trying to get Jiggs away from an old motor tyre he had dragged up on to the shingle and was eating. It was one of his times for liking rubber and he was pulling us about all over the shop. This man vaulted over the side of his boat and joined in. Jiggs growled at him, but only because he thought it made him sound important.

"He seems to like old tyres," the man said. "I can see we're all going to be great friends. You can call me Roger, chaps."

"I've got a catapult," Gerry boasted, "that'll shoot five hundred yards. I'll bet it would shoot a mile if I got some good thick elastic and—"

"Oh, sucks!" I said.

"It can kill cats and sheep and—"

"I rather care for that!" I sneered. "You couldn't kill a sheep with a catapult."

"What about Goliath? I'll bet his catapult was a smasher!"

"Look, you fellows—" Roger said.

"It was David," I told Gerry. "And it wasn't a catapult. God was on David's side and it was God who killed Goliath—with a sling!"

"If it was God," Gerry argued, "he wouldn't have had to use a sling, so there!"

"Your aunt," Mr. Roger said, "is the most beautiful girl in the world. But she can be very trying. Comes of being highly intellectual. You get your head full of ideas at these awful women's colleges and you set out to improve the world. You get a mission and you have to pester other people to get down to serious business and all that. But you wouldn't know anything about that?"

"No, Mr. Roger," we said.

He seemed to be waiting for someone, and when he spoke it sounded very loud as if he expected someone farther away to be listening.

"That's a pity," he went on. "Because she's a very beautiful person. But this ambition and craving for noble works. . . . *Ambition!* At those colleges they wear floppy hats and go to lectures and have cocoa parties at night—what fun! Never fall in love with an intellectual, you fellows."

"No, Roger," Gerry agreed. "I think girls are soppy."

"No one who looks like your aunt should be intellectual, don't you agree?"

"She thinks you're soft," Gerry confided.

"If I were a politician or selling brushes from door to door she'd worship me. But I like the sun and the smell of

the sea and the clouds and taking my ease on my boat. Why not?"

"I'll bet my father could race you easy, with you in your Lagonda and him in his Meteor. I'll bet he could give you from here to America start in a round-the-world race."

Roger was rocking on his heels, watching the path to Aunt Cleo's cottage secretly. He dropped his voice. "Did she say she was coming out this evening?" he asked.

"She's got a book she wants to read," I told him. "Just come down from London by the postman."

"Mathematics!" he groaned. "It'll be something light by way of the integral functions of x to the n th. I'll bet she could hardly wait for the postman's knock." He turned his eyes up towards the top of the cliff. "Is that your dog?"

WE could see Jiggs then on a ledge on the cliff face scratching at a rabbit hole, or gull's nest, or maybe only scratching. He seemed to be having a good time oblivious of the sheer drop at his heels. "Don't you think you'd better call him down, or something?" Roger asked. "It's not that I'm nervous, but perhaps he doesn't understand about cliffs, being a town dog."

"He always has a good look round everywhere he goes," Gerry explained. "He must have climbed down to that ledge from the top."

Earth was spraying out and falling down the cliff on to the shingle at our feet, so we called Jiggs and he backed out of the hole and soon was panting beside us on the beach.

"He looks an intelligent dog," Roger said, and Jiggs wagged his tail in a man-to-man manner. He looked at Roger as if expecting something interesting from him in the way of stick throwing or rat hunts.

"Jiggs bit a policeman once," Gerry said. "And the headmaster at our school. That was when Jiggs joined in a football match and the Head Beak tried to collar him. Jiggs doesn't like being collared, especially when all the boys are cheering like mad and he's excited."

"How did he come to bite the policeman?" Roger asked absently. He was still eyeing the path.

"Oh, that wasn't until he'd fallen off the bicycle," Gerry told him. "Jiggs bit the front tyre first and that made

him fall off, then Jiggs had him just where he wanted him."

"And how did you get away with that?"

"Well, we walked away and pretended we didn't know him, in case the policeman wanted to take names and things when he got up. When Jiggs had finished with him he followed us home. He doesn't like people to ring bicycle bells at him."

"Gerry! Derek!" Aunt Cleo called. Then she caught sight of Roger. "I thought I forbade you—"

"Forbid is a strong word, honey. This is a free country. Fairly free, at any rate. We were just having a man-to-man talk."

"What a privilege for the boys!"

"Now, now! Perhaps you have plans for them already? Should they be at their desks advancing the world's work—or addressing the *hoi-polloi* from soap-boxes at this very hour in the market place?"

"Fatuous and feeble," Aunt Cleo said to no one in particular. "Bed for you two. Come on. There are plenty of dead crabs around always," she said. "Leave those on the beach for now, please."

"Derek has white rats at home," Gerry told her. "Mum lets them sleep with him. Besides, I think one of these

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Face Up to It

I KNOW two people who for years have tried to dodge everyday difficulties by withdrawing inside their own shells. They're great folk for letting others carry their burdens.

But they're not happy, for they're continually worrying about the future.

What such people don't realize is that it is impossible for anyone to run away from his own self. Every individual must shape his own environment. What we have done and thought in the past has made us what we are today; what we are thinking and doing now irrevocably shapes our future.

Nor will wishful thinking help us to get on terms with life. The blame lies not in others but in ourselves. There is no substitute for courage. Each must fight his own battle.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"You needn't reconstruct the scene of the crime in such detail, Robinson!"

crabs is alive. It doesn't smell dead." "Never mind. It can stay out on the beach all the same."

"Always improving the mind!" Roger commented. "Let the chap sleep with his crabs if he wants to. You're thwarting him and turning his natural and healthy impulses inwards. Before you know it you'll have a psychopathic case on your hands."

"Will you mind your own business!" Aunt Cleo snapped. "Would it be asking too much to ask you to go back to your own boat—and stay there?"

"Much too much," Roger decided. "Altogether too much. It couldn't be done. I like your boys, and we've started a friendship that may mean much to them."

"Pah!" Aunt Cleo said and practically dragged us indoors.

Next morning we woke early and ran down to bathe but Aunt Cleo was there and she raced us over the sands. "You can run fast for a girl," Gerry said. "Is Roger coming?"

"Let's just forget him for a while, shall we?" she suggested. "It's much too nice a morning."

After breakfast we went down into the town and when we got back Roger was on the deck of his cabin cruiser, stretching. "Never up before eleven," Aunt Cleo snorted and slammed her kitchen door.

"Come aboard, you chaps," Roger invited. "Heigh-ho! And how's your aunt this morning?"

"One of Derek's white mice had fourteen babies," Gerry said. "They're prolific, which means they have a lot of babies. I say! This is a lovely boat. I'll bet it cost fifty thousand pounds. I'll bet it cost—"

"It's rude to say what things cost," I reminded him.

ROGER walked back with us to the house and stood outside the kitchen door leaning against the wall. "I've come to cadge a cup of coffee," he said, and Aunt Cleo gave him one.

"You know, darling, I love you," he said later. "I call these innocent boys to witness my undying affection. What about it, you chaps? How do I look as your old Uncle Roger?"

"And another one," Gerry recalled, "had twelve. And Derek sold them at a shilling each and made hundreds and hundreds of pounds out of them. Very prolific."

"If you had any respect at all for me," Aunt Cleo said, "You'd keep away."

"I believe you got these kids down here as chaperonage, within the meaning of the act," he told her. He had a yellow silk scarf and in his tweed jacket with his shoulders against the wall he looked very tall. "I believe you're scared to open it all up again."

"Go to your Dear Myrna!" Aunt Cleo blazed. "Go and tell your Magnificent Mrs. Vane-Whatever-it-is how positively irresistible you are. But go, anyway. Can I make it any clearer?"

"All right!" he snapped. "I thought if I hung round you might come to your senses. But—well, I see I was wrong in thinking you had any senses to come to. Goodbye!" He swung furiously on his heel, but halfway down the crazy path he stopped and looked back. "So long, you chaps!" he called out.

It was then that Jiggs tried to jump on the table and missed, and started barking his head off, and no one could stop him.

But Roger didn't go away. He must have changed his mind for he was always somewhere about, on his boat, or lying stretched out on the sands. Aunt Cleo made wide circles to avoid him, but sometimes she couldn't do it—like on the day of the picnic. She got her little car

Continued on page 21



L. S. Beamish of Shoreham, Sussex, with high-speed brick-laying gadget



John White, tailor and inventor. He is seen with his "built-in" braces



R. Scott-Leigh cycled 63,000 miles before demonstrating shock-absorber

What's buzzing in the attic?

by HARRY HOPKINS

Good news for inventors. For years they've missed the rewards due to them.

Now a Brains Board will develop their ideas—which will stay in Britain

IN A FEW YEARS Britain will earn £100,000,000 a year in foreign currency by selling industrial patents overseas."

The man who said that, W. P. Johnson, of the Government's Power Jets, Ltd., knew precisely what he was talking about. But statistics can do no more than hint at Britain's debt to her inventors. They made us world leaders for a century. They brought us through two world wars. Today they can save us from bankruptcy—if we'll give them half a chance.

So far all we've given our inventors has been a raw deal. First we've broken their hearts in the struggle for recognition; then we've driven them overseas where brains are better appreciated. Britain's loss has been others' gain.

But it isn't too late. This is a nation of inventors—still. Our inventive urge—from the steam engine to jet propulsion, from the spinning jenny to radar—shows no signs of abating. In a recent six months more patents were applied for than ever before in our history.

Our Greatest Asset

There is still time, though not much, to halt the wicked waste of our greatest national resource: the finest inventive brains in the world. There is still time for us to begin to take an interest in our most valuable citizens: the men who invent things. We might start, for instance, in Birmingham on Thursday night.

The little man with the queer-shaped bulge under his coat turns out of New Street and hurries down a corridor in the Chamber of Commerce building. He clanks faintly as he walks. Outside Room 2 he stops, looks furtively up and down. His hand steals up to the bulge under his coat.

Watching him, the commissioner knows that it is Thursday night again. In Birmingham, Thursday night is Inven-

tors' Night, when the local branch of the Society of Inventors is at home to the aspiring Watts and Whittles of the Midlands. Most Thursdays the traffic in the Chamber of Commerce corridors is pretty heavy.

Inside Room 2, a young man is handing round a small, wheeled object. He's a hairdresser—and this is a castor he invented in his spare time, a new type. Is there anything in it? he wants to know.

Sketches on Envelopes

The experts brood over the castor. An argument breaks out. There is much sketching and counter-sketching on the backs of envelopes. Someone goes down on hands and knees and tries the castor out on the carpet. It gathers hair. That seems to settle it. The experts are encouraging but they advise the young man to have another try.

To such beginners with the itch to invent in their fingers, the Society of Inventors plays the rôle of wise old aunt. Its specialists tell them what devices already exist in their field, advise them on the mechanical soundness of their plans, put them in touch with manufacturers, protect them from sharks.

It's the fashion to assert that only large-scale team research will yield results today. But that isn't what the record shows. The record shows that out of seventy-two outstanding inventions since 1889 only a dozen were the products of corporate research. Many were the work of ignorant amateurs.

Siemens was an Army lieutenant, Good-year an ironmonger, Morse a painter, Arkwright a barber, Gramme a carpenter, Edison a shopkeeper.

Henry Ford hit the nail on the head when he said: "The trouble with experts is they know too many ways a thing can't be done." And so the industrious mechanics, the obsessed bank clerks, fiddling away crazily in their garages and attics, continue to surprise the world with

feats that would never occur to any right-minded research organization.

Today, the work going on in those garages and attics up and down the land is work of national importance, if ever work was.

Take a look behind this garage door. . . . It is quite an ordinary garage, newly painted green. It lies alongside a semi-detached house in Broad Avenue, Leicester, nearly opposite the General Hospital. Its owner, John Tibbles, a hosiery mechanic, has built a bit on the end to lengthen it.

Nothing very spectacular inside: a lathe, an old knitting machine, a couple of drills, and a work bench.

Tibbles has enjoyed himself in that garage. For twenty years he has been working to perfect a home darning machine, designed to take the drudgery out of sock-mending. He built—and scrapped—two models. The third one he put by for a while to get on with the new invention that'll be on the market soon.

Baby Started This One

For the beginning of that you have to go back to when Norman, their son, was a baby and the Tibbles were having a certain amount of bother getting his push-chair on and off buses. "Why doesn't someone invent a push-chair that folds up like an umbrella?" said Tibbles in exasperation.

But it wasn't until Norman was well on at secondary school that he finally got down to it. Then, most nights, for eight months, he would be hard at it in the garage, designing and building, rejecting and trying again till the push-chair-that-folds-up-like-an-umbrella stood before him, an undoubted fact.

A friend suggested a second edition, a shopping trolley, with a detachable zip-fastening carrier, and that was made, too.

Substantial orders were promised when the Tibbles exhibits appeared at the Society of Inventors' annual show. The

Board of Trade showed interest. The invention was a success. Now the Tibbles' garage bench is filling up with the tools he is devising for the folding push-chair's production.

The thing's in our blood, like going to sea. Other garages, other inventions. John White, an Ipswich tailor, ill at ease in his gardening, designs a pair of "built-in" braces. Fred Thomson, Finchley road sweeper, tired of renewing brooms every other week, contrives a new sort with treble life. In Coventry a couple of Post Office men build an armchair with spring arms that push down to turn it into a settee.

R. Scott-Leigh, also thinking of comfort, fits springs to an axle contraption to take the bumps out of cycling.

In London, a civil servant plans a gigantic umbrella to put up over building construction when rain threatens to stop work; while, in Sussex, L. S. Beamish, of Shoreham, thinks up an angle frame for bricklaying which allows three times as many bricks to be laid as by normal methods.

In the great company of England's inventors there are no barriers of class, creed, sex or age. At ninety, Sir Sam Fay, former railway general manager, takes out patents for a propeller-driven train of revolutionary design and minute running costs. Women, too—like the lady at Liverpool who devised a new system for lighting up airfields which was good enough to be given a full-scale try-out.

When I talked to Mrs. Lucy Round, housewife member of the Birmingham branch of the Society of Inventors, in her Handsworth Wood home, she had just applied for her first patent and had a couple of other inventions coming along. She's convinced that housewives have a promising future as inventors.

"There are still so many things we need in the kitchen and about the house!" she said. "In her daily work the housewife comes up against so much detail no man can know anything about. And, peeling potatoes and so forth, she's got all the time she needs to work out new devices for coping with it."

One problem, though, defeats her. "I've thought very hard about it, but I don't believe there is any answer to the washing-up problem—on the small scale, that is."

Clothes Peg Obsession

Inventors have their favourite obsessions. B. Thornton Clark, secretary of the Inventors' Birmingham branch, tells me that he has received enough clothes pegs and tin openers in every conceivable variation of design and material to stock a large museum. Personally he's working on a kitchen gadget to shell peas.

But the important thing about any inventing is that it gets to be a habit. The inventor of a new sort of clothes peg doesn't stop there. Take the case of W. J. Worthington, a Birmingham fancy goods merchant. First he invented a new type of shoe tree. Then a bed-warmer that runs on an ordinary electric light bulb. Small things in themselves, but clearing the tracks for his next idea, which was a big one: a hollow brick which cuts building time to a quarter.

Is there money in this inventing business? There is—but the inventors don't get it. Of course there are exceptions. Sir Charles Parsons made a fortune from the Parsons turbine. The inventor of mains radio founded a partnership a few years ago with £50 and can now command a capital of £400,000.

But for every one Parsons in the history of inventions there are at least ten Bairds. After years of struggle pioneering television Baird had to stand by in the end and watch others cash in.

Friese-Greene, who took out the first cinematograph patent, died in penury. So

Continued on page 15

OLYMPIC

by STANLEY

IMPRESARIO TO THE five thousand athletes from fifty-eight nations who begin their Olympic Games at Wembley on July 29 is a forty-nine year old non-athlete who first set up in business just outside the Stadium at a salary of £4 10s. a week.

In 1924, Arthur Elvin sold cigarettes from an exhibition kiosk. Today Sir Arthur Elvin is spending £100,000 on providing the setting and production facilities for the swimming, athletics, fencing, gymnastics, hockey, boxing and soccer events which take place in Wembley's Stadium, Empire Pool and Palace of Engineering.

Elvin will get his money back from the gate receipts. He has given his premises free of rental charges—his staff, too.

Though he has been in constant consultation with the Olympic Games Committee over the past months, Elvin is not a member. He has no direct contact with the athletes' taking part. He is the Olympic Landlord, the stage-manager.

And Elvin is the mainspring of the entire Wembley organization. He is a "driving man." It is a trait he developed in 1919 when in charge of gangs of foreign workmen who could not understand his words of command but correctly interpreted his forceful gestures.

Meeting him, you shake a plump hand, confront a man of slightly over average height and perhaps a little over average width, with the large, mobile face of a comedian and eyes which echo the suggestion of humour. The trilby hat, set at an angle, strengthens the impression of a jovial, confident character.

Self-confidence Unlimited

The humour is certainly there, sharp and sometimes biting, but it is kept subdued. The self-confidence is unlimited, but qualified by a refusal to make up his mind until he is fully convinced.

Thus, while he conforms to the tradition of the big business man making important decisions on the spur of the moment, that moment is frequently the last possible one. He will brood and vacillate over a decision for months, to the consternation of those of his staff who have to keep an eye on the calendar and the clock in the boss's interest.

Once the decision is made, it is Elvin who watches the clock. He sets in action

the organization which, by split-second timing, has built and consolidated his success at Wembley. Its purpose is to keep the arenas busy and the stands filled for every possible day, hour and minute.

He has decentralized and surrounded himself with departmental heads, but he checks and rechecks each job, knows as much about the work as if he were doing it himself. Without a glance at the blue-covered diary on his desk he will in normal times rattle off the whole complicated programme for the Empire Pool for weeks ahead.

On Saturday the floor is down for a youth festival; on Sunday morning it is up again and the ice uncovered for skating; but Wednesday the floor is back for darts; away for Friday's skating; down again and the ring erected for Friday night's boxing; between five and seven on Saturday evening it disappears again for an ice gala. There are other changes in between, but the pencil cannot keep up with Elvin's rapid recital.

Football to Speedway

The pool, holding seven hundred thousand gallons of water, is two hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. Three and a half miles of tubular scaffolding erected on the floor of the pool support the foundations of the ice-rink: a wooden floor sanded and crossed by ten miles of piping which provide the two-inch thick ice surface. For the boxing matches, another wooden floor goes on top of the ice and the ring on top of that.

The Empire Pool is the prize exhibit in the Elvin quick-change act; but the Stadium, too, experiences similar breathless transformations. The football season ends and overnight the straights of the speedway cinder track are laid on the edges of the football pitch. The greyhound track, which runs outside the cinder track, has been taken up to make way for the Olympic running track.

For a year past Elvin has been experimenting with surfaces for the running track. Now he has the ideal material, two thousand tons of it, brought in ten-ton lorries from the works in Leicestershire, with every lorry load again timed to the minute.

The hurdles and high jumps and other apparatus are the concern of the Olympic Committee, but Elvin has already spent £200,000 in the last eighteen months on

improvements including new dressing rooms which he claims to be the finest in the world. This is Wembley's contribution also to the Games. He has put in ten thousand extra seats at each end of the Stadium to accommodate a total of 85,000 spectators, mostly seated; concreted ditches for the water jumps; put up the photo-finish equipment; erected a special enclosure for two or three hundred V.I.P.s.

Elvin took over the job of issuing nearly two-and-a-half million tickets, covering all the other Olympic venues as well as Wembley. The box office staff swelled from two to seventy. He shrugs his shoulders at the risks of forgery; the tickets, printed on banknote paper are thought to be forgery proof.

With the Games in progress, the problem will be to get the arena and stands cleared, refitted and cleaned sometimes two or three times in a day, and the eight bars and two restaurants restocked with food and drink. (The Pool, with a maximum accommodation of 11,000 has fourteen buffets and a three-tiered restaurant.) The regular staff has been augmented by another two hundred workers, not counting between four and five hundred extra men on the turnstiles.

The moment the Games are over, the Elvin team will be back in the Pool and the Stadium, tearing up and re-laying, ready for the re-opening of ice hockey and greyhound racing a fortnight later. Elvin says the Games have been his biggest headache so far—but obviously a headache which he has found exhilarating and enjoyable, the current climax to his career, though not the last.

Poor Boy Who Made Good

His is the traditional story of the poor boy who made good. His father, a Norwich policeman, died when Arthur was ten and Arthur conventionally took to delivering papers on his way to school. At fourteen he left school and, after two or three brief jobs, including one with the Inland Revenue at twelve shillings a week, went to London as a salesman for a soft-soap firm in Aldgate. At seventeen he was an observer in the Royal Flying Corps. At eighteen he was shot down over the German lines and taken prisoner. At the end of the war he was just another ex-officer out of a job.

He was offered a job as a foreman (to preserve his ex-officer status) with a gang demolishing war dumps in France. When all the available dumps had been cleared, he transferred to similar work in the north of England at £8 a week. When that job packed up, he came to London and spent his savings and his £300 gratuity on having a good time.

Then he went to see the Ex-Officers' Association. The best they could offer him was selling cigarettes at the forthcoming Empire Exhibition at Wembley for £4 10s. a week. Several ex-officers had already turned the job down. Elvin had no money and no false pride. He set up his stand.

He sold thousands of cigarettes but realized that he was getting only a small share of the profit. In slack moments he prowled around to see how business was with other kiosks. He took options on the leases of the less successful shops and sold them to their more prosperous rivals.

Ten of these amateur estate deals left him with £1,000 in the bank at the end of the exhibition season. The humble young cigarette seller had become the big business man in embryo.

When Wembley's second year opened, Elvin began with options on four shops. He sold them, and four more, at a profit of £4,000. He persuaded the exhibition authorities to let him run several other shops on a profit-sharing basis. He married the girl who ran the jeweller's shop next to his original kiosk and, with her experience as a guide, went into the

He's no athlete, yet he's stage history; takes months to make spring timing. Success slogan and now owns a great stadium:



Wembley box office staff of seventy issues two and half million tickets



The Elvins at home. Their devotion

LANDLORD

Y RUSSELL

ing the biggest athletic show in
e a decision, yet works to hair-
f the man who began in a kiosk
"Look Ahead. Never Stand Still"

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp



trinket and souvenir market. By keeping open an hour later than the other kiosks, they captured the trade of the homegoing crowd and made a small fortune.

Elvin looked round for more ways of wringing money out of Wembley (after twenty-five years, he is still doing the same thing). When the exhibition closed, he put in tenders for the demolition of many of the buildings, offering hundreds of pounds more than his competitors.

The competitors tempered their annoyance at seeing Elvin get the contracts with the consoling thought that he could never get his money back. They had not taken the trouble to discover that tons of valuable metal lay hidden beneath the lath and plaster façades. But they were convinced that Elvin could not get the job done in the time allotted.

This was the first big-scale test of the Elvin genius for organization. He scoured London, bought or hired dozens of lorries, took on scores of men, and worked with them seven days a week removing the debris. Coat off, he shifted metal, timber, boulders. His hands took the weight off his mind.

To save time, he sold some of the buildings as they stood. One became a laundry in Glasgow, another a restaurant in Dublin. A third was converted into a furniture factory and several cafés were combined to become the grandstand of Bournemouth football ground. In nine months he had cleared the site and £50,000.

Stadium Was a "White Elephant"

Wembley was devastated, but there still remained the main Stadium, a giant shell which was already being described as "a vast white elephant, a rotting sepulchre of hopes, and the grave of fortunes." Elvin thought he could do something with it, though he was not at the moment sure what that something would be.

He arranged with the owner, Jimmy White, to buy the Stadium for £122,500 (it had originally cost around £750,000). £12,500 was to be paid cash down, and the rest spread over ten yearly instalments. But White committed suicide before the deal could be completed. The receivers demanded the whole sum or nothing.

Elvin went to the City for financial support. Meanwhile, he heard that a company was being formed to stage the new sport of greyhound racing at the Stadium. One afternoon in August, 1927, Elvin telephoned the receivers, announced that he was ready to pay the £122,500, and claimed the Stadium. He put the phone down, picked it up again, and sold his "white elephant" to the greyhound company for £150,000. In one minute he had made £27,500. He was still a couple of years short of thirty.

He took his profit in shilling shares in the company. The company offered him the vacant post of managing director, in which he comes of age this year. By now the City had had a good view of Arthur Elvin and his business abilities; within three days, his shilling shares had shot up to ten shillings.

Dogs an Immediate Success

Greyhound racing was an immediate success, though so many gatecrashers invaded the celebratory dinner on the opening night that the waiters gave up trying to serve them.

Speedway racing, the next experiment, was at first a flop. After spending £25,000 on preparing the track, Elvin opened to average attendances of 2,750 at the first six meetings and a weekly loss of between £400 and £500. He called in the greatest showman in the game, Australian Johnny Hoskins. The season finished with a profit of £5,000. Nowadays, sixty-thousand attendances are common.

But the Stadium could stage only open-

air events, and these were dependent on the weather. To get in a greater variety of sports, Elvin had to have an indoor arena. He cleared some of the old exhibition ground's derelict acres and, in 1934, built the Empire Pool and Sports Arena at a cost of nearly £200,000. It is an imposing, if architecturally unattractive, building: 417 ft. long and 257 ft. wide, with a four-acre car park attached.

There is nothing in the world quite like the Wembley Stadium and Pool. To an admiring woman visitor who wanted to know who was responsible for it, Elvin replied: "If you mean who laid the egg—I did." But he is emphatic that there is nothing new about Wembley or its enterprises. "I merely improve on what others have done."

Recreation: Hard Work

Six-day cycling, indoor tennis and other "novelties" connected with the Pool had been tried elsewhere first. Cycling was introduced by an Australian who was one of the few people to whom Elvin leased any part of his estate. It failed, and then Elvin took over. The only sport he hasn't persevered with is professional boxing, but this may come back on his list in due course.

And to the mass of the sporting public, he is most closely associated with the Cup Final. Every spring a thousand letters reach him, addressed to "Dear Arthur" and saying, in effect: "Do you remember me? I was at school with you when you played the trombone in the band. Do you think you could let me have a couple of Cup Final tickets?"

He has been lucky in his enterprises but no man has worked harder.

For years he was a social hermit. For ten years he did not have a holiday, but compromised with an occasional golfing weekend. His most notable performance on the course was a sudden remark that: "I like golf but can't stand good golfers."

He now plays golf occasionally and recently had a fortnight's holiday in Switzerland with Lady Elvin; but he still thinks hard work the best exercise. He has had plenty of it this year. He has been called in to so many meetings in connection with the Olympiad that his secretary has led a hand-to-mouth existence trying to fit normal business appointments into his diary. And, despite his efficient staff, there is still his

insistence on keeping his finger on everything that happens at Wembley, partly because he does not entirely trust anybody's judgment but his own, partly because he does not always take kindly to proffered advice.

He personally inspects proofs of every kind of ticket, poster and programme. Not many months ago, a book was prepared to celebrate Wembley's twenty-one years as a sporting centre. Elvin spent so much time considering the cover that when the book appeared the twenty-one years had become twenty-two. The cover he finally approved was the first one.

He is superstitious and loathes green. He owes nothing of his success to friends and makes few on principle.

His recipe for success is: "Ambition linked with imagination, sincerity and honesty. Never break your word, never give in, never be satisfied. Never think about the past, look ahead, never stand still."

He has his critics, who see him as a hard, calculating executive, planning so minutely that nothing is left to chance. Certainly, if efficiency is inhuman, Elvin is something of a monster—a monster of organization.

Always at His Side

At his side at every important function, and inspiring him ever since the days of the trinket and souvenir business, is Lady Elvin. Early this year she was absent through a severe illness. For the first time in twenty-one years she missed being hostess at the annual luncheon for the Cup Final last April. There was something lacking in the Wembley background, and Elvin himself for a time almost lost his interest in the job. Now she is happily recovered.

The Elvins' devotion to each other is the hidden factor, but certainly not the least important, in the building up of the great Wembley organization from the single tiny kiosk. Their private life is an uneventful story of occasional hours together in the bird sanctuary of their Hampstead home, or evenings with Arthur demonstrating his few and not too difficult conjuring tricks.

But the man who conjured up Wembley itself performed one of the biggest tricks in the history of sporting entertainment. Even his critics have no illusions about that.



New road leads to the Stadium from station built specially for the Games

to each other is foundation of success

FREE SPEECH

On British Films: The New Quota May Do Harm
On Family Health: Unfair to the Bed-ridden?
On Having Babies: "Women Make Too Much Fuss"

THE NEW QUOTA compelling cinemas to show forty-five per cent British films is the worst thing that could have happened for British filmgoers. It means British studios must mass-produce two hundred feature films a year compared with the present ninety—a dismal thought, since British mass-produced films are far worse than their American equivalent.

To carry out the law, cinemas will have to take all these films, no matter how bad they are.—R. T. DELLOW, "Sunnyside," Elstow Road, Kempston, Bedford.

Eats Up Savings

WITH SOME MISGIVING I read in the *Family Guide to the National Insurance Scheme* that "Lower rates of benefit may be paid if you are in hospital for some time."

Surely this is wrong. People don't stay in hospital because they want to. A prolonged stay usually occasions financial loss, and the longer a person is in hospital, the quicker his savings go.

This is the time he needs most financial help. I suggest that the Minister thinks again.—FREDERICK BINGLEY, 94 Church Lane, Underwood, Notts.

Childbirth? Simple!

TOO MUCH FUSS is made of childbirth these days. I am a farmer, aged seventy-six, and the father of seven children. The only assistance my wife used to have in childbirth was given by a cowman's wife who came in to help her for a few days.



M. T. Madge

A neighbouring farmer's wife had seventeen children without a doctor or midwife. Once I met her on the fourth day after she had given birth to a child: she was walking across the farmyard carrying two three-gallon pails of milk which she had drawn herself. Childbirth is a natural event to a woman and not an illness.—M. T. MADGE, Brockhurst Farm, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Life for an Unmarried Mother

MOTHERS WHO ABANDON their babies are castigated as "heartless creatures." Yet if some of the denouncers would only try and realize the hardships of an unmarried mother, I am sure they would not be so harsh in their judgment. The mother may love her child dearly, yet have to abandon it out of sheer desperation.

I am the unmarried mother of a twelve-month-old baby boy. For seven months I struggled to keep a shelter over our heads out of 19s. a week Public Assistance money and a 10s. affiliation order. After paying the rent, buying baby's food and other necessities I had practically nothing left, and was soon hopelessly in debt.

In despair I approached the N.S.P.C.C. to see if I could have my baby cared for while I worked. No; they couldn't help me. Nor could any of the other orphanages, homes and religious organizations I approached.

Today, I look years older than my age

and am mentally and physically worn out by worry. If only someone could have stretched out a helping hand when I pleaded, things would not have been so bad.

I will hold on to my baby as long as I can, but what sort of a future can I expect? — UNMARRIED MOTHER, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Out for Blood

HAVING WORKED in several abattoirs in various parts of the country, I wish to draw attention to a dangerously unhygienic practice carried out by local butchers.

Many of them call at the slaughterhouse early in the morning, before dead cattle have been examined by meat inspectors, and take away blood for making into black puddings. As T.B. is prevalent in our cattle, it is quite likely that dangerous germs can be passed on to the public in this way.

Greater check should be maintained at abattoirs to see that no part of the animal is taken away for public consumption before being passed by the meat inspector.

—N. HOPKINS, 18 Church Road, Statham, Beds.

Shopworkers and Saturday

A LEADER in JOHN BULL (June 19) dealt summarily with shop workers who dared to ask for Saturday afternoons off. Isn't this a selfish attitude?

Shop workers claim the same right to social recreation as any other members of the community.

Saturday these days is *not* the peak shopping period, as shop workers know from experience. And as most sporting events and other public entertainments are held on this day, there is no reason why shop workers should not be able to enjoy them together with other workers.—E. CATANACH, 57 Whitelees Road, Littleborough, Lancs.

When Less Costs More

MISS G. EMERY, of Swansea, asked in JOHN BULL (June 5) why manufacturers do not make half-ounce skeins of wool. The answer is that it would be uneconomical.

In the mill, where I am employed, we make up wool in one, two and four-ounce skeins. It is not a machine job: output depends on the quickness of the hands in tying knots and wrapping up. It takes almost as long to make up a half-ounce as it does to make



Miss M. Sugden



Baby no one would help: "If only someone could have stretched out a helping hand when I pleaded," writes his unmarried mother...

bigger skeins. Result: higher prices for the finished skein.—MISS M. SUGDEN, 37 West Lane, Sutton-in-Craven, Yorks.

Theatres Keeping Prices Up

IN A FOOTNOTE to a letter on reductions in the entertainments tax in JOHN BULL (May 15) you stated: "The Society of West End Theatre Managers is reducing prices on May 31. The provinces are expected to follow suit." Up to the time of writing there has been no such reduction at any place of entertainment in the Hartlepoons.

What few concessions the public are entitled to enjoy nowadays ought to be made effective with the minimum of delay by fixing a legal date, and not by leaving it to the whim of private managers.—A. H. JOHNSON, 113 Durham Street, Hartlepool, Durham.

Pathfinders

THE LETTER FROM J. Simpson headed "Bedlam Villages" (JOHN BULL, June 26), accusing rambblers of vandalism, gave a most misleading impression.

No Rambler wants to have his legs scratched by walking through growing corn. It is an obligation for the farmer to roll footpaths after ploughing his fields. But as few of them now do this, rambblers must themselves tread out the old paths again to save them from obliteration.

Rambblers realize more than most other town-dwellers the value and importance of growing crops. But they also realize that without vigilance and occasional

JOHN BULL, July 10 1948

stern action, the citizens' right to walk over the fields and hills of our own country would soon be curtailed.—A. KEITH POTTER, 19 Winton Avenue, Leicester.

Chemical Reaction

THE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT by the T.B.C. that "chemists" would join the National Health Scheme was the last straw as far as I was concerned.

For some time the chemists of this country have been trying to drive home to the general public the fact that a chemist does not keep a shop nor dispense medicines. Such a person is a pharmacist. A chemist is a laboratory worker.—D. SHUTTLEWORTH, 9 Woodhall View, Thornbury, Bradford, Yorks.

Bradman and Co.

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Beating Bradman and Co." (JOHN BULL, June 19), John Arlott says we make the Australian batsmen a present of runs on our perfect wickets.

If this is the case, how does he account for the failure of our own batsmen on the same wickets? I am afraid he is like a lot more critics who will not admit just how good Bradman and Co. are. My opinion is that Australia will win all the Tests with ease.—THOMAS MORRISON, 8 Garnet Grove, Leeds, 11.

Off Our Rockers

WHAT'S HAPPENED to the rocking chair these days? Rarely seen now, in our grandfather's time it was a prominent feature in every home.

Those were peaceful days, and maybe much of today's unrest is due to lack of real bodily comfort and complete relaxation in repose. The old rocking chair with its soothing influence might well offer the solution to our modern nerve strain.—WALTER CRAVEN, 253 Royal College Street, London, N.W.1.

Popular Pin-up

SINCE MY LETTER in JOHN BULL (May 8) complaining of the high price of children's clothing today compared with 1939, with which was also published a photograph of my twenty-year-old daughter Patricia, we have had an average of fifty letters a week for five weeks—from all over the U.K., Holland, Germany, Austria, Palestine, Southern Rhodesia and Schleswig Holstein. Patricia has been invited to become the official "pin-up" of H.M.S. Vanguard, H.M.S. Austell Bay and H.M.S. Whitesands Bay.—MRS. A. S. HILLS, 11 John Street, Gravesend, Kent.

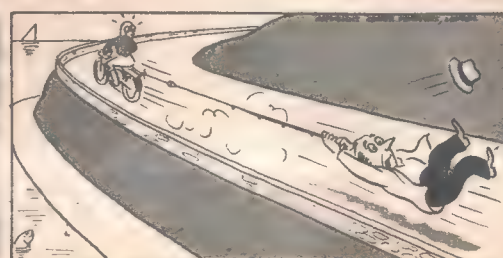
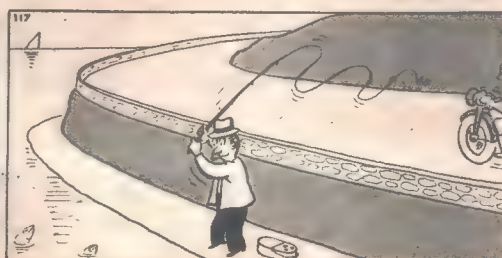
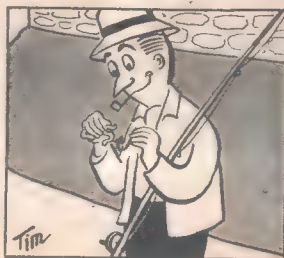


Miss Patricia Hills

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

by TIM

OH, JOHNNY!



WHAT'S BUZZING IN THE ATTIC?

Continued from page 11

did Goodyear, first man to vulcanize rubber. The inventor of the triode valve hadn't enough money to renew his patents. He never made a penny out of it. Others made millions.

Thomas Parker, pioneer motor engineer, invented the sparking plug, the jet-fed carburettor, a speed control handle found on trams all over the world, an improved evaporator which revolutionized salt production, a cyaniding plant which multiplied South African gold output ten-fold. He died recently—and left £500.

Some firms give bonuses to employees who introduce improvements. Other do not scruple to make thousands out of their ideas without giving them a penny. I have even had details of one man who was promptly sacked when he offered his firm an invention.

Broadly, two possibilities confront the inventor with no private resources. Either he falls into the hands of some get-rich-quick speculator who wants him as a bait, or he is informed by a succession of bored big firms that his invention is promising, but the cost of developing it would be quite prohibitive. Very likely, after that they buy it up cheaply in order to be able to sleep on undisturbed.

The zip-fastener's story can be duplicated many times. It was first patented in 1879. But the button interests took out blocking patents. And it took the first World War—when the fastener was in demand for ammunition carriers—to force the zip into the light of day.

Chances We've Missed

Britain—to her cost—holds the world's record for neglect of inventors. Two sad stories, typical of thousands:

First the calculating machine. It was invented in its modern shape by an Englishman named Babbage as long ago as 1830. But when his invention wasn't brought quickly to perfection, a grant made to him was withdrawn. And now the world is buying its calculating machines from America.

Then consider the case of William Henry Perkin, the young British chemist who in 1856 produced the world's first synthetic dye. Germany knew a good thing when she saw it—we didn't. And when the first World War broke out our strategists found to their consternation that we were dependent on the enemy for dyestuffs.

It happens all the time. Ninety per cent of British inventions in the glass industry go to the United States. And though the textile industry's the main base of our life-or-death export drive, we are still content to let thirty per cent of our inventions in that field go abroad for development.

Fortunately, in the Development of Inventions Bill, now before Parliament, there are signs that our inventors may get a real chance at last.

Under this Bill the Government will set up a National Research Development Corporation charged with the task of spying out promising inventions and ensuring that they are fully developed in the national interests. It will be empowered to take up neglected patents, to make contracts with inventors, to set up pilot plants.

"It will," says Lord Strabolgi, "do what war in the past has done—bring a tremendous speed-up to the development and use of inventions."

So perhaps Britain's undiscovered Watts and Whittles may take heart as they pore over blueprints in their garages and attics up and down the land. It is possible that the inventors of this nation of inventors are coming into their own at last.

MUSIC MAESTROS, PLEASE!

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

More people are studying music than ever before. But, despite radio, demand for new musicians exceeds supply

I TALKED TO A girl at the Royal Academy of Music, one of its 850 students. She was nineteen, had been playing the piano since she was seven, and was now studying seriously because her music teachers all told her that she had talent.

This girl will be fully qualified next year, when she completes her three years at the Academy. Then she will make up her mind whether to take up music as a career.

Talk to any of these 850 students, and you will find that they have a sneaking dream of becoming soloists, of being another Moiseiwitsch or Menuhin; but very few have any real hope of achieving this. Some will become accompanists. Many will go into orchestras. Others will find jobs as teachers.

As their schooling finishes, they will look at the notice boards to see what sort of work is going. The notice boards are never bare. There will be offers for those who want to go into orchestras; appeals for church organists and choir masters; vacancies for teachers and instrumentalists on the Arts Council and British Council and with the rural schools of music which tour small towns and villages, giving lessons and arranging recitals; and, more than any others, jobs as teachers at schools.

The demand is greater than the supply, despite the fact that all the big academies have long waiting lists and there are more students than there have ever been before. The training period is kept down to three years in normal circumstances and restricted to a maximum of four years in order to cope with the rush.

The twenty-five thousand strong Musicians' Union says, guardedly: "The employment situation is satisfactory. There is certainly big scope for good musicians."

Fighting continuously for the rights of its members, the union's latest row was with the B.B.C. over payments for broadcasts. The musician of today is certainly better off than his predecessor, and a man who plays with the big London orchestras makes anything from £1,500 a year upwards—not necessarily by working for one orchestra only but by "doubling" with two or more, and getting special fees for broadcasting and recording.

Best Bread-and-Butter Job

Teaching is the steadiest of all jobs. In this country there are between six thousand and seven thousand fully-qualified teachers. Few of them lack pupils. The better teachers have more than they can handle.

Despite the fact that the radio is supposed to have killed "home-made" music, more children are learning to play musical instruments than at any time in our history. The annual number of examination entrants has shot up from the prewar sixty thousand mark to nearly a hundred thousand.

The present piano shortage curbs the enthusiasm of many youngsters; they can play only while at school. Parents must also share the blame. One music teacher says: "Although modern parents seem keen enough to let the children learn, they refuse to stand the ordeal of hearing scales being practised."

But the enormous increase in pupils has brought with it an increase in those who take up music seriously with a view to making it their career.

The standard is high. Of 95,459 entrants examined in one year by the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, 86,727 passed—5,481 of them



Claude Pollard, a talent-tester for thirty-five years, shows how to do it

with distinction, and 15,646 with credit.

Claude Pollard is one of the examiners. A senior member of the Royal Academy staff, he has been an examiner for thirty-five years.

"The present standard," he says, "is certainly as high as it was in pre-radio days. The greatest difference is that it is now spread over a far more varied field. Music as a school subject has brought in large numbers of youngsters of a type whose parents in the old days could never have afforded to pay for their lessons."

"I recently examined one little girl who had webbed fingers as far down as the centre joints. She really played quite well and passed the examination. I examined another child who had been in an accident. She had no legs. It was as much as she could do to balance herself on the stool."

"Probably the most tragic was a girl in Scotland. I had to examine her for her violin finals. I stared at her in surprise when she was shown in. She was so obviously the village idiot. She lumbered over to me, and stared at me dumbly. I doubted whether she could even tune her fiddle."

"Then she began playing, and I found myself listening to sheer beauty. It was some of the best fiddle playing I had ever heard."

Took His Coat Off to It

Far more boys are taking up music nowadays. Although still outnumbered by the girls, the boys are keener.

They are not all youngsters who enter for the examinations, of course. Not long ago, Pollard found himself testing a man of about forty. He was a terrific fellow, with enormous biceps.

"He strode in forcefully. 'Mind if I

take my coat off?' he asked. I had no objection. Then he sat down at the piano and played. And he was faultless. I gave him ninety per cent, which is quite phenomenal, and I was so interested that I made some inquiries about him. I found he was a working miner from Durham. He was already a F.R.C.O. (Fellow of the Royal College of Organists) and was determined to get his Mus. Doc."

So far as music as a career is concerned, the piano is the best bet for would-be teachers. The majority of teachers are called upon to teach the piano. Quite apart from teaching, there is a big call for pianists as accompanists and in orchestras, particularly dance bands.

Danger These May Die Out

Because the tendency for orchestras is for them to be much smaller than in the past, there is a danger that several instruments will die out. The oboe, the French horn and the viola are disappearing as instruments for the professional musician.

In theatres throughout the country, apart from London and when special shows are put on, there are at the moment only two oboes and two violas, and no bassoons or French horns.

The result of this is that there is now an acute shortage of those instrumentalists, and at the same time a big demand for them among the larger orchestras.

The one ray of hope is that the playing of these specialized instruments usually runs in families, a gift handed down from generation to generation. It's up to the present generation to keep the birthrate in a healthy condition!

WITH MY FEET UP



All the Answers

ALMOST EVERY DAY there arises a new organization designed to dissect you and me, and to find out what we think about this, that and the Government. The world is becoming full of researchers, observers, surveyors, poll-takers, interviewers, questioners, and just plain ordinary snoopers.

In these days, anyone from the grocer to your grandmother is likely to spring questions on you.

Just as you are getting romantic, your girl friend says, "When soaking in a bath, do you turn on the hot tap with your toes?"

"Will it wreck our marriage if I do, darling?" you ask.

"It's nothing to do with marriage, silly," she says. "I'm doing a survey for the United Bath-tap Sanitary Fittings and Ablution Equipment Manufacturers' Association."

My own feeling is: Why should I be left out? Why shouldn't I know what, if anything, people are thinking?

So I have recently organized the Fox Poll of Public Prejudice. Representatives will invade the country like Colorado beetles, questioning a cross-section of the people (often a very cross section).

The advantage of working for the Fox organization is that, although the job is unpaid, the cross-section is confined entirely to people to be found in pubs, bars, clubs, and at theatres, race meetings, charabanc outings and waygooses. Thus the Fox representative is able to combine work with pleasure.

The hard-working Fox man, who hops from bar to bar, can soon knock up a magnificent score of answers, though it is sometimes noticeable that the replies tend to become more optimistic as the evening wears on.

These Fox surveys are expected to provide a useful balance to the results obtained by the regular research organizations. Those groups obtain their answers from respectable housewives and people who take them seriously. The Fox man, questioning the feckless, irresponsible, fun-loving public, will no doubt reap a big harvest of "Don't knows," and an even larger one of "Don't cares." But, as statistics can prove anything, obviously the answers will prove something. It is probable that, later on, further surveys will be conducted to decide what they prove.

One of the first questions asked by snoopers of the Fox organization was "Would you like to throw out Mr. Aneurin Bevan?" The answer was conclusive. Over 150 per cent answered, "Wot, in my state of 'ealth?"

by Ian Fox

THE OTHER WEEK at Wimbledon I watched Tony Mottram—who is not yet a Fred Perry but is fast heading that way—pull out a storming win against the Italian, Guanni Cucelli.

Now this was a fine performance, but it was by no means an astonishing one.

Yet because Cucelli, who is not even ranked in the first world ten, had previously beaten Drobny, the Czech ace, Mottram's feat was at once raised to the realm of the miraculous! So starved were they of British successes that the spectators welcomed this win with almost hysterical rapture, although a few days later Mottram was to lose to the American, Mulloy.

Here is another reflection of the public's attitude to mounting failure in British sport. The French horse Arbar ran away with the Ascot Gold Cup. In this show race of the Ascot card, only one English horse ran! A few years ago such a thing would have been unheard of.

Yet, when newsreel commentators mentioned this fact, 'I doubt if one in a hundred among cinema audiences grasped the full implications of our horse-breeding decline.

The fact is that we are fast becoming conditioned to defeat, just as we became conditioned to food rationing and queues. Nowadays, we almost expect that the men who do battle for Britain will shape like gnomes instead of giants.

Reasons for Failure

This defeatist attitude is particularly noticeable in Test cricket. Here we have completely surrendered the initiative, and most people will be surprised if we manage to win even one of the remaining three matches.

Unless the rot is checked in British sport, we shall, in a few years, sink to the level of a fifth-rate sports Power.

Taken all round, the real defect in sport over here is that we don't take enough time and trouble. We don't train men whose whole-time job should be the care of the body. And we don't pay enough attention to detail. We need trainers and coaches galore and we need to pay them well, not the niggardly sums that too often pass for wages. Ace American trainers like Ray Arcel and Whitey Bimstein earn five-figure salaries.

Look at boxing. I have actually seen a champion, after a stiff work-out, put on his clothes, dash down to a little spiv's café below the gym where he has been training, and gulp down a cup of tea and a stale bun.

I have known of fighters blinded during a fight through faulty handling. Incidentally, the stuff used over here for patching-up cut eyes is not nearly as good as the American brand.

I have seen a well-known boxer's kit left around a gym after a work-out for anyone to tamper with. I have seen fighters doing roadwork when they should be resting, and sparring vigorously when

HIGH TIME WE WON!

by Alan Hoby

Better training and a new, dour spirit are called for if we are to stop the rot in British sport



When Mottram beat the Italian, defeat-conditioned crowd hardly got over it!

they should be laying off. I have seen a leading British boxer so over-trained before the weigh-in that his skin was as dry as a desert.

A trainer has got to be a mixture of doctor, dietitian, psychologist and mother. He has to know the temperament, foibles and mannerisms of his fighter.

When Max Baer used to train they kept him, if they were wise, in the big city. Max a lover of life, couldn't stand lonely country camps. When Baksi "murdered" Woodcock it was his trainer, Ray Arcel, who spotted how keyed up Bruce was and who planned Baksi's all-out attack from the first bell.

Watch an American trainer at work. Fifteen seconds before the end of the round he is counting off the seconds on a stop-watch. As the bell goes, he whips in the chair, is in the ring and at work almost before the boxer has sat down. Not a second wasted, not a detail missed.

And over here? They pay our trainers

chicken-feed, in pennies and half-crowns. We cry out for recreation grounds with fully qualified P.T. instructors in attendance. We cry out, too, for some specialized scheme of youth coaching for all sports, from boxing to running.

Maybe you think it is unimportant to specialize. One JOHN BULL reader in a letter has upbraided me for advocating "total war" in sport. "We play for the love of the game," he says.

That's the reason, I suppose, why half the nation spends days discussing "why we lost." That's why we headline Test matches on the front page when there is a world crisis in Berlin going on. That's why sport is the biggest draw everywhere in the country!

Two more points:

(1) In every Test innings England loses fifty precious runs through patchy fielding. Why? *Inattention to detail.*

(2) At the moment we have four men in Britain all capable of doing under even for the hundred yards. Some experts even tip them as having a chance against the American aces in the Olympic 4 x 100 relay. But I remember the great British Empire versus United States athletic match held at the White City after the Berlin Olympic Games in 1936.

All these events were relays. Such was the tremendous array of talent put into the field by the Americans—Jesse Owens was among those present—that our men were not given the ghost of a chance. Yet so superbly did they run, that time and time again they finished up ahead of the Americans at the changeover, only to lose the lead through faulty baton handling. *Inattention to detail again.*

The Americans, of course, had perfected a special time-saving way of handing over the baton.

Finally you have only got to study the careers of world-beaters like Reg Harris, the cyclist, Stanley Mortensen, the footballer who can't be valued, and Mel Patton, whom the Americans call the "world's fastest human," to realize how utterly important attention to detail and hard work is in any branch of sport.

They Show the Way

Patton, the twenty-three year old sprinter and the outstanding U.S. hope for the Olympics, is sick after every race. But he thinks it's worth it.

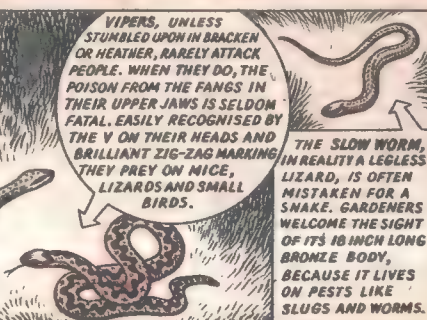
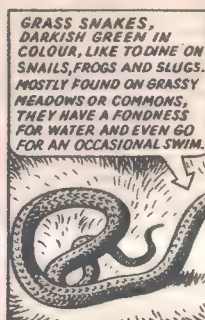
Harris, the Englishman, took years to gear himself up to the astounding acceleration which steps up his speed in a few yards from twelve m.p.h. to nearly forty m.p.h. Mortensen, of Blackpool and England, battled against poverty and war injuries before becoming the greatest match-winning footballer in the country.

Each paid over-all attention to detail. Each scorned the "soft" idea that it can't be done.

It can—whether it is finding fast bowlers to tame future Bradmans, world boxing champions, or great runners.

So let's quit expecting to be beaten. Let's get down to details—and dish it out as well as take it.

UNCLE ANDY



Snakes in the Grass

THE SLOW WORM, IN REALITY A LEGLESS LIZARD, IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A SNAKE. GARDENERS WELCOME THE SIGHT OF ITS 18 INCH LONG BRONZE BODY, BECAUSE IT LIVES ON PESTS LIKE SLUGS AND WORMS.

TAUT SHIP

by MORRIS B. HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Throughout the voyage tension mounted between the Scots-bred skipper and his Yankee crew. But Captain MacIver got his "taut ship"—and something more



He flung the boy to safety, but it was too late to save himself

CAPTAIN DONALD KENZIE MACIVER had been aboard the sea-going tug *Fire Island* less than two hours when we knew what manner of man he was and what, beyond doubt, our voyage to the South Pacific would be like.

Olegard, the chief mate, Arveti, the third mate, and I, stood somewhat uncomfortably in the skipper's cabin in response to his call for a conference with his deck officers.

Small and wiry, Captain MacIver's fifty-odd years rode him easily. His hair was grey, his face bleak from much salt and wind, and in his voice there still stirred a Scottish burr.

Taking off his glasses, he looked up from the crew list on his desk.

"Olegard?" he snapped.

The mate unconsciously straightened himself. "Yes, sir."

"This ship's dirty, Mister," MacIver said coldly. "Get those lines on the fore-deck stowed. And square away aft. There's debris all over the fantail. Get it cleaned up!"

Olegard's big face reddened. It was well known that he kept the *Fire Island* cleaner than any ship in the tug fleet. But shipyard workers had been crawling over her for days now, preparing for a long trip out, and undeniably they had left trails of dirt behind.

Olegard tried to explain. "The yard workers—" he began.

"I know all about yard workers, Mister," the captain interrupted. "And I know when a ship's dirty. You may think this is a harbour tug, but I don't. She's a blue-water ship. And I want her clean! Understand?"

Olegard, boiling, could only nod. The captain turned to me.

"You're Peters, the second mate?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've got a new suit of charts coming aboard tomorrow. Know how to catalogue charts?"

I FELT some of the mate's anger rising in me. A second mate's job is navigation, and part of that job is cataloguing charts. The easiest and simplest part.

MacIver surveyed me coldly. "I hope you do. I want it done properly. When I want a chart I want to be able to find it. That clear?"

"Yes, sir. I'll start cataloguing as soon as they come aboard."

The skipper turned his gaze to Arveti, and I could see the third mate shrink under it. Arveti was only twenty-one, and it was his first trip as a mate. The captain inspected him from feet to haircut for a long minute, and I knew what was coming. Both Olegard and myself were dressed in khaki shirts and trousers, but Arveti, accustomed to the informality of small ships, was wearing only a vest and trousers.

"Who are you? A deck hand?" MacIver asked bitingly.

"I'm the third mate, sir."

"Call yourself a mate, do you? Let me tell you something. If you ever report to the captain's cabin without a shirt again, I'll teach you the meaning of what it means to be a mate. This is a ship, Mister. I want officers who are officers on it. Don't forget!"

Arveti seemed to shrink into the bulkhead.

"Now, gentlemen," MacIver continued, "we're headed out for a long trip. I'll expect you men to run this ship-like officers should run it. Any breach I can catch you on will mean your tickets. I run a taut ship. Understand that and make no mistake about it. That's all!"

We filed out. Olegard was glowering. "Taut ship, is it? It'll be a happy one no longer; that's clear as day! A fine trip ahead, for sure. A skipper who'll

dress for dinner!" He spat over the side.

Captain MacIver's next step in making the *Fire Island* a "taut ship" came at lunch. Small, sea-going tugs and the men who sail them are noted for informality. Handling heavy tows on long voyages is dirty and dangerous work and the men of the tugs depend more on their work than their appearance to merit approval.

So it was not unusual for Bernard, the second engineer, to appear at meals wearing a shirt stained with grease.

He had seated himself at the engineer's end of the saloon table when Captain MacIver strode in.

The skipper was about to take his place when Bernard caught his eye.

"You!" he snapped. "You there! Engineer, aren't you?"

Bernard looked up in surprise. "That's right, Captain. Second."

"Then I'll thank you not to bring it into my dining saloon, Mister. Take it out of here!"

"Pardon, sir?" Bernard gulped.

"Deaf, Mister? I said don't bring your

engine-room into my saloon. When you come here be dressed like an officer. If you can't do that, take your meals in the galley. We wear clean shirts for meals here. Now get it out!"

Bernard, pale with anger, rose silently and left the mess.

HE went straight to the chief engineer's cabin and his voice rose in conversation there. He was demanding to be relieved. He'd be damned if he'd sail with a Captain Bligh. The chief apparently promised him a relief, for Bernard's voice quietened and he went to his cabin.

But Bernard wasn't to leave the *Fire Island*. Shortly after lunch, urgent sailing orders came through. And within an hour we were through the breakwater and at sea, headed for a rendezvous some seven miles out.

We were scheduled to pick up a section of a Navy dry dock, join a convoy of seven other tugs and their tows, and take the giant section to a little island off the

coast of New Guinea. The trip would be long and weary, and the tow an unwieldy one. This and the skipper's disposition made officers and crew grouse.

The start of the *Fire Island's* voyage to the South Pacific was inauspicious. And we had trouble picking up our tow.

We moved in close to take a line from the dock, so that our towing cable could be hauled aboard it and made fast. The dry dock, sitting high in the water, was drifting fast under the push of a brisk wind. The dock's naval crew fired a pilot-line aboard us and Olegard, handling his crew aft, bent it to a manila rope, which would build up the strength necessary for them to take our heavy cable aboard.

The first pilot-line broke and the *Fire Island's* crew, spurred by the cursing Olegard, hauled in the manila rope, which had nearly reached the dry dock section. Captain MacIver again brought the tug in close to receive another pilot-line. Even Olegard had to admit that the skipper handled the tug well.

BUT the wind was strong, the sea heavy, and the rapid drift of the dry dock section put a heavy strain on the pilot-line. Twice more the connection was parted, and it was nearly two hours before the *Fire Island's* towing cable was made fast to the dry dock section.

The tug ploughed forward then, and the towing cable, made of plough steel, and as thick as a man's forearm, whipped viciously out of the water once, then settled into the deep curve of steady towing.

Early that evening I was in the chart-room squaring away some gear. Olegard, in charge of the bridge, was standing near the wheel looking forward through the bridge windows. It was a clear night, just turning dark. I heard the seaman at the wheel speak.

"Tough job, taking that tow, Mister Mate!"

"Certainly was," Olegard replied. "Hope we don't have more trouble with it."

Steps sounded in the companionway and I saw Captain MacIver pass the chart-room on his way to the wheelhouse. I heard his brisk voice: "Are we on course, Mr. Olegard?"

"Yes, sir. Two-seventy-two compass, sir."

The captain turned to the quartermaster. "How is she headed now?"

The quartermaster stared down intently at the compass before him, then nervously shifted the wheel a spoke.

"Two-seventy-five, sir," he said hesitantly.

Captain MacIver turned frosty eyes on the mate. "On my bridge, Mister," he grated, "officers keep a constant check on the course. And there is no conversation between the mate and the quartermaster except what is necessary to handle the ship properly. Is that clear to you, Mr. Olegard?"

The mate clenched his big hands. "Yes, sir."

"Two other things, Mr. Olegard!" the captain snapped.

"Yes, sir."

"Officers on my bridge stand their watch on the wings at night. I want no pilot-house lilies aboard."

"The other thing, Mr. Olegard, is that my officers do not have coffee in the crew's mess. The crew's mess is for the crew, the officers' saloon is for the officers. If you want coffee take it where you belong. Understand?"

Olegard's answer was lost in the rush of wind on the bridge wing. Captain MacIver went below.

The skipper never once relaxed while we ploughed at five and six knots through the long rollers of the Pacific.

Arveti, the third mate, had trouble

taking azimuth sights to determine compass error, and his ineptness left Captain MacIver coldly contemptuous. Finally, one sunny morning when Arveti had computed the compass error some seven degrees wrong, the captain shouted:

"Mr. Arveti, either you are an addle-brain or you've not studied your navigation properly. I mean to find out which. On your watch below from now on I'll expect you to be at your books, not in the mess hall."

Arveti came to my cabin that night, his face strained and his eyes bleak, and borrowed some of my navigation books.

It was the same throughout the ship. Captain MacIver's eye was everywhere. The engineers, usually in sanctuary below, cursed at the skipper's regular inspections and vowed revenge once ashore. The bosun, directing his day-crew on ship maintenance, went to his quarters growling each day after MacIver coldly pointed out painted-over rust spots, worn boat tackle, or carelessly stowed gear.

Tension on the *Fire Island* was near explosion point when we arrived at the tiny island where we were to drop our tows. It was with relief that we saw the leading vessels of the convoy pass into the harbour. The *Fire Island* was scheduled to be the fourth vessel in.

CAPTAIN MACIVER was on the bridge studying a chart of the harbour and indicating with a red pencil the anchorage where we were to drop our tow. A fresh breeze was blowing and the waves near the harbour entrance were high and choppy, rolling the *Fire Island* as we turned to make for the channel. Back aft, Olegard and his crew were shortening the towing cable.

It was then, in the stress of the heavy work involved, that strained nerves exploded. Somehow power on the winch failed while the cable was being shortened and the bosun made profane comment. The electrician in charge of the winch retorted and the two sprang upon each other.

Olegard leaped to separate the two men. Sounds of the commotion reached the bridge.

MacIver strode to the wing, glaring aft with an anger-etched face. He grabbed a megaphone and roared into it.

"Aft there! What the hell's going on?"

The skipper's roaring and the confusion of the fight made a shambles of the working crew aft, and the rolling of the tug in the channel chop made the matter worse.

A sudden roll of the tug broke the cable free of its cradle, and with slow but vicious slashes it slipped from one side of the tug's fantail to the other.

As the cable sliced across the deck, screaming against the steel of the bulwarks, the men in its path dropped fast, ducking the blow which might easily have torn off their heads.

From the bridge, Captain MacIver roared commands.

"Secure that cable! Damn it, Mr. Olegard, secure that cable!"

Olegard, scrambling with the rest of the crew in an attempt to pass a line over the slashing cable, could only acknowledge the order with a frantic wave of his arm.

"Get it done, Mister! Get it done!" Captain MacIver roared into his megaphone. Then to the wheelhouse: "Slow ahead."

Within a few minutes the men aft were able to pass a line over the cable and had it partially secured when another surge sent the *Fire Island* in a wild roll to port. The cable swung again in a violent slice, parted the line and whistled gratingly on the steel. Men dropped prone and the cable nicked the cap from the bosun's head. Meanwhile, the big dry dock section, out of control and drifting, was a constant threat at the rear.

Captain MacIver was explosive. "Mr.



Olegard! Get that cable secured! Or do I have to come and do it myself?"

Olegard, sprawled on hands and knees after the cable's passage, looked bridge-ward with a black face. Doggedly, he rose to his feet and called for a heavier line.

But Captain MacIver had different ideas. Turning to me he snapped, "Take over. Keep her dead slow ahead. I'm going aft. Keep your eyes on me for orders." And he sprang down the companionway.

On the fantail, the captain took over with cold, biting orders.

"Get on the winch, Mr. Olegard! Pay out the cable easy. Bosun, get a line ready! When she starts paying out, move in and take a turn over it. Step lively!"

The cable lay over the port side now, still with silent power. Olegard prepared the winch to begin paying out. The bosun and two hands were moving towards the cable with the end of a secured line, approaching cautiously but speedily to throw a turn over it.

Captain MacIver was standing on the starboard side near the winch, clear if the cable should swing. Near him were grouped several seamen, among them a lad named Willoughby, a novice of about nineteen.

Just as Captain MacIver shouted to Olegard to begin paying out, the *Fire Island* took another lurch. And the big cable, starting slowly, groaned with speed as it moved toward the starboard side.

The bosun and his men dropped flat; the other seamen on the starboard side leaped back to the shelter of the winch. All except Willoughby who, either from stupidity or fear, stood transfixed in the cable's path.

As the heavy steel whip neared the boy, Captain MacIver, leaping from his stand by the winch, hit Willoughby in a flying tackle just above the waist, knocking him sprawling to the safety of the deck.

But the skipper was too late to save himself. The cable caught him across the left arm and chest. He lay on the deck, his face screwed up with pain.

OLEGARD and a seaman, bending low, brought Captain MacIver back to the safety of the winch, and the mate then prepared to carry him to his cabin but was stopped by the captain's shout: "Leave me here, Mister. And get that cable secured!"

Olegard hesitated. MacIver's arm and undoubtedly several ribs were broken. His voice was not:

"Did you hear me, Mister? Secure that cable!"

And they did it. Within a very few minutes, by paying out the cable they secured it to its cradle, then shortened for the trip in.

Olegard, with a different gleam in his eye, picked up the skipper and carried him to his cabin. The steward, who served as the ship's doctor, was waiting. But

Captain MacIver waved him aside, then looked coldly at Olegard.

"Take her in, Mister. I won't be able."

"Yes, sir." There was a new snap in Olegard's voice. He paused as if he wished to say more, then turned to leave. The captain's voice stopped him.

"And Mr. Olegard!"

"Yes, sir."

"Get a new ensign up. The one we're flying is tattered. Get it up immediately!"

Olegard's first order when he got to the bridge was for the flying of a new ensign. His second was to put the *Fire Island* ahead for the channel entrance, to deliver her tow to its destination.

When the dry dock section was in line with her already anchored sisters, Olegard stepped to the bridge wing and, under a prearranged signal, shouted aft to the crew of the dock: "Let go!"

Men on the dry dock cast off the *Fire Island's* towing cable and a few seconds later the rumble of the dock's anchor chain drifted over the water.

Freed of her drag, the *Fire Island* pressed ahead, and Olegard, with a quick measuring glance at the stern of the tanker ahead, snapped the order, "Slow astern!"

From the wheelhouse came the echo from Arveti, who was handling the engine telegraph. "Slow astern, sir!" Then came the jingle of the telegraph.

But the tug didn't sit down on her tail as she normally did when her big wheel was reversed. Instead she surged forward, closing the distance between her and the tanker. Olegard's shout was hoarse. "Full astern!"

Arveti, whose mistake it was the first time, was right on the second order, and he slapped the telegraph back hard against its stops.

BUT it was too late. Before the boil of full astern started under the fantail, the *Fire Island's* bow ploughed into the stern of the tanker. The tanker's stern rail and bulwark buckled inward and there was the grinding rasp of metal on metal. Then the *Fire Island* pulled slowly back and away as her screw reversed.

It was not a major disaster as far as damage was concerned, but it was a major disaster to the deck officer who ran to the tanker's stern, waving a megaphone. "Who's in command there?"

The mate, his face flushed, stepped to

the bridge wing. "Olegard, chief mate," he said. And you could tell by his voice he knew where the fault lay.

"Mate, eh!" the officer continued to shout. "Your damned engines were ahead when you rammed us. What kind of a mate are you? I'll prefer charges on this and have your ticket or know the reason why! I'm coming aboard you to find out what's going on there!" He turned his megaphone to his boat gangway.

"You on the tanker!" Captain MacIver's shout was the first sign we had that he was back on the *Fire Island's* bridge. He was leaning, white-faced, against the rail, his chest bare and one arm taped to his side.

"You!" he bawled. "You'll come aboard this ship with my permission or not at all, Mister! I'm master of this vessel, and don't forget it!"

Inarticulate sounds came from the tanker officer. "Your mate rammed me!" he roared. "I'll have his ticket!"

MACIVER's voice was cold. "You'll deal with me, Mister, and I'll deal with the port captain. And get this, too, Mister. My officers are my officers and I'm responsible for their commands on this ship. If you've got further words, say them to me in the port captain's office. I'll be there in an hour."

Captain MacIver lowered his megaphone and was silent a moment, looking at Olegard. His voice was calm.

"Drop the hook, Mr. Olegard, and lower me a boat. You're in command until I return." And he went below, holding the rail for support.

It was two days before Captain MacIver returned from hospital to the *Fire Island* and they were busy days, both on and off watch.

The off-watch activity was centred in the machine shop and was concerned with two gold watch cases donated by the crew and some thin gold chains salvaged from crucifixes worn by Arveti and O'Connor, an oiler. On deck the days were busy, too. Olegard saw to that. The *Fire Island* was painted, cleaned inside and out, and her rigging was slushed down.

Captain MacIver eyed his ship appreciatively as he stepped aboard. Olegard greeted him. "Just in time for lunch, Captain."

The *Fire Island's* officers in the mess were dressed in well-scrubbed khaki, and Bernard, the second engineer, even wore a tie for the occasion.

Captain MacIver swept the group with his eyes. There was a trace of a smile on his face. "Morning, gentlemen."

At the end of the meal Olegard rose, fumblingly reached into his pocket, and drew out a small package. "We all wanted to give you this, Captain," he stammered. "As a sort of sort of getting-out-of-the-hospital gift."

Captain MacIver only nodded. He took the package from Olegard and opened it. Slowly he drew out a golden mass of chain and stretched it between his fingers. At either end of the piece were blocks, pulley-like devices through which sections of golden chain ran. It was a finely done miniature of what the seaman knows as a handy-billy, a block and tackle device used to place tension upon two divergent points. Obviously meant to be a watch chain.

When Captain MacIver spoke the burr of his voice was softer.

"It's a fine gift, gentlemen." His fingers fondled the chain. "A handy-billy. . . ." His voice trailed off. "Why?"

Olegard grinned. "We thought you'd know about that, Captain. It's just a little reminder that you run a taut ship!"

Captain MacIver rose to his feet and his eyes moved around the mess table. "Thank you, gentlemen."

And the captain of the blue-water tug *Fire Island* retired to his cabin.

THIS WEEK'S COVER



IN VILLAGE CRICKET it may be the butcher's boy or the squire who wins plaudits with a sizzling six to the boundary. Michael Critchlow's cover subject is a Hertfordshire village green, where the improvised pavilion looks more like a bathing machine. Play must be placid, for the two scorers find time for noughts and crosses. Soon the tea urn will bring reward to the victors and solace to the losers.

Q What about the premiums I pay at the door on death and endowment policies, now there is this new National Insurance?

A Death and endowment policies are not affected in any way.

To preserve the benefits under your policies you should continue the regular weekly or monthly payment of premiums. The policies you already have and new ones you take out will provide a convenient means of regular saving and of protecting your dependants. Your Agent is always ready to help and advise.

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Posed by a model

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The biggest little meal in Britain

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Indigestion trouble persists you should always get medical advice.

A movable feast of music

— says Christopher Stone



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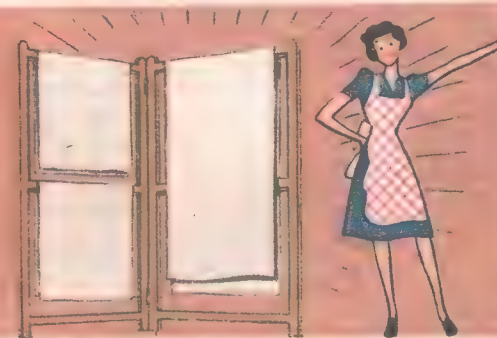
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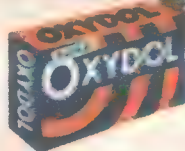


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NEW SUPER OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER - DOES MORE WASHING!



I RATHER CARE FOR THAT!

Continued from page 10

stuck in the sand at the foot of the dunes and it looked as if we were there for the night—until Roger came strolling over.

"I'd like to know how you chanced to be here," Aunt Cleo said, and he told her he was her guardian angel.

Then there was the afternoon when Jiggs demoralized two pekes and a dachshund by taking them sewer crawling while the ladies exchanged gossip at Aunt Cleo's tea party. Roger was washing the dogs in the kitchen when Aunt Cleo walked in on him.

"I found them like this," he said quickly. "Nothing to do with me, except that I was trying to get 'em clean before the wind set the way of your party in there."

Aunt Cleo looked from the dogs—who even seemed to be enjoying it—to the apron tied round his waist. She seemed surprised. And I'll say this. Uncle Rodge was a very good dog-washer.

"That was very nice of you," Aunt Cleo said quickly, and went out and shut the door carefully behind her back.

"Your aunt is a marvellous woman," Roger said, "but—like all beautiful women—she can't admit she was wrong."

"It's no good arguing with some folks," Gerry offered. "But I think you could argue with her, if you got her at the right time."

"Such as?"

"When she isn't mad at you," Gerry said. "She'll do anything for you then—like suddenly throwing her arms round you and hugging you, when you haven't done anything, and very likely are thinking about Jiggs, or something."

After a while Roger stopped rubbing his chin. "I believe you've got something there, Toots," he said, and shoved Jiggs's head under the water as if he meant it.

THAT night Jiggs had nightmares and he woke us up by barking in his sleep and twitching his legs. I put him out of the bed, and it was then I heard voices on the porch below. We went down and switched on the light to see what it was, and Aunt Cleo came in suddenly from the porch. She went past us quickly up the stairs and slammed her door.

We mooched round in the kitchen for a while finishing up some cake, then Gerry missed Jiggs. He heard him on the cliff, yelping at something, and in the moonlight we could see him down on that ledge. He was scratching away for dear life.

"I'll bet he's got some gulls' eggs down there," Gerry said. "Dogs can smell them out."

Jiggs wouldn't come when we called, so we started carefully down the rocks to see what he was after. It was all right as long as you didn't look at the sea below. It seemed an awful long way away, if you did. Suddenly I heard a scrape and felt something swoop by me. It was Gerry and he let out a shout that made my blood run cold, then I heard a thud and he stopped shouting.

I was too scared to move for a long time. I could see Gerry now on the ledge below, and Jiggs was licking his face. I began to yell then. I hollered for Aunt Cleo. I had reached the ledge safely when I heard her at the top of the cliff.

"Gerry! Derek! What are you doing down there?" she called.

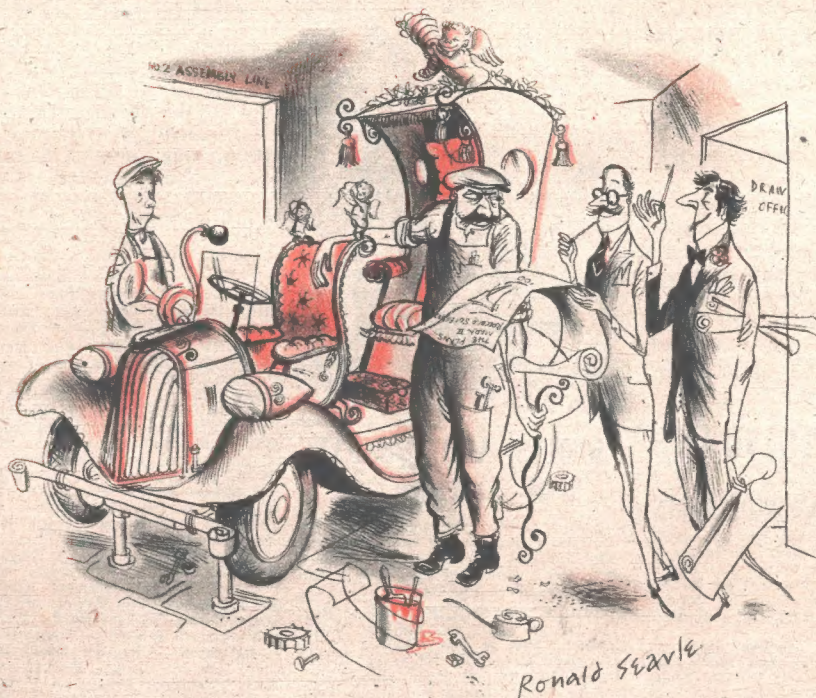
"There's been an accident," I shouted back. I wasn't feeling very well myself. "We've got to get Gerry back up."

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Aunt Cleo. "What will your mother say?" She started down the rocks towards us.

I wanted to warn her about the loose bit where Gerry had slipped, but I was

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE



They thought it out and you had to make it, even if it did look silly

It's no business of yours

WHENEVER I SUGGEST to people in authority that the workers in an industry should have a share in the control of it, and that we should begin to organize our nationalised industries along these lines, they seem to find the idea highly amusing.

If I press them to consider it seriously, they say, "Utopianism," "Anarchism" or "Democracy gone mad." Politicians, and employers both seem to see the individual worker in much the same light. He's a child who must be coaxed or scolded, and, if possible, encouraged with a bit of jam.

But he must never be allowed to interfere in the things that really matter—never be allowed to share in the responsibility of management. That would mean disaster.

Besides (they say) the ordinary workers aren't interested in their job to that extent. All that the workers really want is to be made as physically comfortable on the job as possible and to be provided with opportunities for plenty of light amusement between their spells of work.

Well, I haven't made a scientific test of public opinion on the subject, but I feel sure from my own feelings as a worker that this is not true. I had plenty of opportunity of comparing myself with the men who worked beside me when I was an industrial wage-earner, and I found many who thought and felt as I did—though, whether

because of family responsibilities or otherwise, they didn't all have quite the same urge as I did to step up to someone in authority and say so. It was usually the mental rather than the physical conditions on the job that troubled me—the psychological atmosphere.

I've grumbled a lot in my time about the dirty and physically painful conditions on some of the jobs I've worked at—the filth, the stink, the dust, the heat, and my own chipped knuckles, wet feet, aching muscles and so on.

But a man doesn't mind that so very much when it's part of the job and can't be remedied. He can even feel a certain pride in the thought that he's man enough to stick it. I still remember my own pride as a young man when I was chosen for a hard navvying job on the strength of my horny hands. Mere physical toughness! But it's grand to feel you've got it. I wish I had it now.

A Man, Not a Robot

When I dream of my ideal way of working—or the best way of organizing industry from the workers' point of view—the question of tough or unpleasant physical conditions doesn't seem to matter much (if they can't be immediately altered) provided the mental conditions are right.

So long as a man feels he can be a man on the job, the physical hardships he has to endure will trouble him very little.

But "being a man" seems to be the most difficult thing the ordinary worker can attempt to be in modern industry.

I've been trying to remember how many times I've either left a job, or got the sack on the spot, after speaking my mind to a foreman or a manager. I find it's happened to me so many times that I've lost count.

I've always thought of myself as a meek and mild sort of chap; almost a born gov'nor's man; always anxious to please; always anxious to make a success of any job I was doing, even if it sometimes meant working overtime without extra pay, or missing a mealtime. Yet I nearly always finished up by offending someone in authority.

The trouble, as a rule, was that I'd

dared to think for myself. It's the biggest crime a workman can commit—or it was when I was a cog in the industrial machine.

They paid someone else to do the thinking, someone who knew all about the job on paper. And if what he knew on paper looked silly when you put it into practice, it wasn't your business to point this out. It was your business to act daft and do as you were told. That was the way to get on. That was the road to promotion. In bad times it was the only way to keep your job. If you thought differently you'd either got to keep your thoughts to yourself or get out.

So That All Have a Say

But nowadays, we're told, all that sort of thing's over. I'm continually reading of enlightened firms who encourage their workers to think for themselves and give a hearty welcome to anyone's suggestion of a better way of doing the job. I never seem to meet anyone who works for one of these enlightened firms, but that may be just my bad luck.

The point is, I think, that if we want to make certain that every worker will have an opportunity to use his brains and initiative on the job, as well as his mechanical or clerical skill, we've got to arrange things so that every worker has a say in the running of his own productive unit—workshop, mine, transport group, or whatever it happens to be.

My ideal is the smallest co-operative unit possible, with its own elected manager-leader (who would have to be a technically qualified man, of course, but whose qualities of leadership would be far more important than his ability to pass paper examinations).

Each co-operative unit would have its own work quota or target—fixed in consultation with the chief authority—and each unit would receive the public credit and the cash for achieving its quota, and bear the public discredit and the monetary loss if it failed to achieve it. The object of making each unit as small as possible is to give each worker in the group that all-important feeling of personal responsibility—the knowledge that he's someone who matters on the job.

And if anyone objects that this kind of set-up is going to lead to chaos, I'd like to know what the present craze for more centralized authority is going to lead to, with more and more people afraid to make the smallest decision without referring to someone higher up, and with each official higher up knowing less and less about the practical end of the business, until the decision is finally made by an official at the top who probably hasn't had a day's practical experience in his life.

Not a Party Affair

Please don't misunderstand me. It's difficult to criticize present tendencies without seeming to be shouting with the wrong mob. The Conservatives are constantly harping on the same theme, saying: "That's Socialism for you!"

But, of course, it isn't Socialism. It's got nothing to do with Socialism. It's simply over-centralization—a fault which is as common to large, privately owned capitalist organizations as to State organizations.

Whatever political name we may give our present system, we're not being held back on the job by Socialism. We're being thwarted, frustrated and strangled because we haven't yet found the courage to break away from our out-of-date capitalist, trade union and Civil Service ideas.

HURRY for SWITZERLAND!

HOLIDAYS without snags are assured for readers who win Free *Bullets* trips to lovely Lucerne. From the time you step into the train for Dover until you return from your thrilling 1,300-mile holiday, you will find that everything has been booked for you in advance.

But time and trains won't wait and this week's contest brings almost your last opportunity of this season to win £250 and a Swiss holiday.

Hotel accommodation at Lucerne has already been booked for reader A. E. Dodson, a Sydenham engineer, retired aircraft worker W. Longbottom, Hunslet, Leeds, and office clerk W. Kemp, of Stratford. With these winners will be their wives: Birmingham accountant C. Day is taking his sister.

On this page is the name of the latest reader to win a trip to the Alps. There's room for you in the happy family of JOHN BULL's Swiss Holiday guests—post that coupon below by Monday, July 19!

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20 Coach Trip Prizes of 21s. 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes.

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Our Bread And Butter Way The World's Work [Going Mother Nature The War-mongers No Home Education's Lamp To The Right Man Overloaded Victory Or Defeat What We Fear Hard To Believe Won Her Heart In A Fool's Paradise

Game Of Golf Against Fearful Odds At Our Local Auntie's On Holiday, Colorado Beetle [So Sniff Of The Briny Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions Fruits Of..... Wears The..... Give Him A.....And.....Place Out To..... Would Be A.....

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 31, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee.

STICK 2d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 31 containing FINAL "BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES

451

NAME

ADDRESS

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark,

1,638 MON.,

JULY 19

I agree to Rules

and enclose P.O.

value

No.

Signed

Address



CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 586

Seaside holidays as well as cheques are now waiting for Crossword entrants; why shouldn't you be the next to follow this week's winners of a big cheque and a Seaside Week for Two?

THREE £100 SHARERS: F. S. Bell, 158 Dutton Road, St. James's, Northampton; Miss A. Booy, School Camp, Bewdley, Worcs; H. Whitelegg, School Camp, Bewdley, Worcs. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two. Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 20 entrants.

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Greaves. 4. Bears. 7. Winch. 9. Glut. 10. Pen. 12. Job. DOWN: 1. Grit. 2. Aged. 3. Wretch. 5. Volumes. 6. Wide. 8. Heat. 9. Guilt. 10. Pain. 11. Aid.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize £225

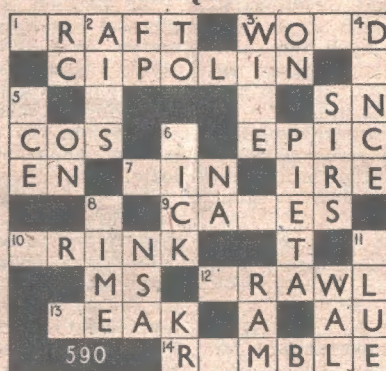
and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up
★ SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

590 Closing Postmark, Signed

MON., JULY 19 Address

I enclose P.O. value....

No.

TWO MORE SWISS HOLIDAYS WON

"Bullets" 1,634 First Prize—£250 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: R. Rayner, 38 Blue Hill Crescent, Upper Wortley, Leeds 12: IN INDUSTRY'S RANKS: Whispering ORDERS, STALIN'S "SERGEANTS."

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. E. H. Wood, 121 Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare: DIFFICULTIES—LOOK MOUNTAINOUS? LOOK "HIGHER"!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: Miss Marks, 27 Pleasant Road, Staple Hill, Bristol: WITHOUT COUPONS—THEN POCKET'S THE "DOCKET."

OTHER AWARDS. £9: Mrs. G. Mee, Cocker Bar, Moss-Side, Leyland: PUTTING THE BRAKE ON—PROFITS, STARTS SOME "SQUEALING." £8: H. Aspin, 3 Burnall Avenue, Blackpool: PUTTING THE FLOURISH ON—BRITANNIA'S SIGNATURE, "STEADY HAND." £7: S. J. Kingzett, 154 Stonor Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28: DIFFICULTIES—Overcome To Be Made! £6: J. E. Harries, 131 Brynithel Terrace, Llanelli, Mon: POLICEMAN'S JOB—Avoiding "PINCH," TOO, EDEL!

FIVE of £5: Mrs. I. J. Nagle, 23 Huntskill Road, Highbridge, Som: POLICEMAN'S JOB—HELPING GRANDPA MIND VILLAGE! F. Taylor, 18 Queen Street, Morley, Yorks: CAME IN EVENTUALLY—VILLAGE PLUMBER—WITHOUT BAT! J. Parkinson, 2 Rectory Road, Blackpool: ON A STICKY WICKET—AFTER GLASS "RAINED," SONNY! A. E. Payne, 15 Wakefield Road, Brighton, 7: WHEN BABY'S WALKING—SANDY GUIDES STEPS SOUTHWARD! Mrs. A. Wright, "Beechwood," Waltham, Lincs: GIVEN A DUSTING—RAILWAY SANDWICHES—WITH LETTUCE!

20 Prizes of £1 is., and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted: Swiss Holiday arranged by Cook's.

Across Clues

1. Implies certain amount of cunning
3. It must have been a real step forward when primitive man first began to use
7. Isn't conducive to peace of mind
9. It's gratifying to see certain these heavy with fruit
10. Kiddies should be warned to keep off this
12. Men who do this are inclined to stir up mud
13. What a magistrate may be considered to be
14. There's a limit to luggage you can take on this

Down Clues

2. These of beauty are not natural
3. You're not surprised to find one in a man's pocket
4. It's a bit risky to promote one
5. You may be unlucky not to cut this at a party
6. Needs a trimming
8. Poor rhythm sadly weakens this
11. Kiddies have often got stuck in

I RATHER CARE FOR THAT!

Continued from previous page

too late. She let out an awful shriek and came sliding down, yelling as she came. She hit the ledge and threw her arms around me, holding on for her life. Jiggs thought something funny was going on and started his non-stop bark.

We seemed to be hours on that ledge, with Jiggs barking and Aunt Cleo clinging on to Gerry and me, then a man's head appeared overhead.

"For Pete's sake!" Uncle Rodge bawled over the din. "What's this? Another picnic?"

"Gerry's hurt his ankle," I yelled up. "Come down and get him."

He tied a rope round the telegraph pole at the top and came down to the ledge to carry Gerry up. Next he carried me, then he went back for Jiggs.

When he went down for the last time to bring Aunt Cleo up I watched from the edge of the cliff. The moonlight was pouring over the rocks and throwing a black shadow over the two of them as they stood on the ledge. They didn't seem to be in any hurry.

"Hey, Uncle Roger!" I called down. "Are you coming up?"

He looked up and waved. "Go home chaps. Your aunt is trying to compose herself."

"It looks pretty soppy to me," Gerry decided. "I thought something like this might happen. He's been arguing with her, like I said."

"A fine time to pick!" I sneered.

"He's kissing her now," Gerry reported. "Gosh! He's kissing her like anything. They'll be down there for hours. Help me into the house. I'll bet I've broken every bone in my foot."

"Haw-haw-haw!" I sneered. "I rather care for that. You only fell three feet, you fool. And then went and did a faint."

"I didn't faint, you cad!"

"No, you did!"

"Yes, I didn't. Besides anyone would've, on a ledge like that. I say—are they still down there?"

I looked over. "Yes," I said.

So we went indoors and got back into bed.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

New Dental Service

A READER who is undergoing prolonged dental treatment asks how the new National Health Service will affect her payments to the dentist. She writes:

"I am having all my teeth out, a few at a time, the appointments with the dentist ranging from before July 5 until the end of the month. I realize I shall have to pay for extractions before July 5, but will I have to pay after that date? Also, will my new dentures be paid for under the scheme?"

The cost of dental treatment obtained prior to the introduction of the National Health Service Act will not be defrayed under the scheme.

After July 5, provided you are treated by a dentist who has undertaken to take part in the new arrangements, no fee will be payable for extractions or dentures. However, if you want anything expensive and beyond what is considered necessary you will have to pay the extra cost yourself.

At present there are too few dentists to make a full dental service available to all without delay.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

NO NURSEMAID NEEDED

THERE's a fine independence about most dogs, an I-can-look-after-myself-thank-you air, from nose-tip to jaunty tail. Sometimes they can. But every now and again a very subdued and sorry little dog will come to you for help. It may be a scratch of a wasp-sting, or it may be something he's eaten that accounts for that weebegone look.

For fifty-five years now Bob Martin's have been making every preparation you need for the care and cleaning and health of your dog: for grooming, washing, and the treatment of common ailments and accidents.

You can see these preparations at your chemist's or Dog Shop. And in "Your Dog" by Bob Martin you'll find not only full details of the preparations, but chapters on feeding, exercise, training and a dozen other things that affect the health and happiness of a dog. The book costs 6d. from your dealer, or 7d. post-free from Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Lancs.

The **BOB MARTIN** preparations for dogs

Taming Ted's ACID STOMACH



Ted was a lad Who was taken bad Consuming food at table; But with a few pennies He got him some Rennies To settle his innards unstable. Their five-fold action Soon brought satisfaction, And ended his pitiful plight. Two Rennies, sucked slowly, For high chaps and lowly Will soon set their tummies aright!

THE miseries of an upset stomach—pain after meals, heaviness, the feeling that nothing's worth while—are almost always due to excess acid. Quick relief comes from sucking two Rennies tablets, one-by-one, like sweets. Rennies have a five-fold action which neutralizes acid stomachs, brings back well-being. They are separately wrapped, convenient for handbag or pocket, and can be taken anywhere, at any time, without the need for water, glass or spoon. If two Rennies don't speedily end stomach-pain you should see your doctor. Rennies can be had from any chemist, 25 for 9d., or the big economy size—100 for 2/8 (tax included).

DIGESTIF
RENNIES



612-5



Look what happens—when you end DRY SCALP!

On the left, this man's got Dry Scalp. His hair is untidy, won't stay in place. And it's dry and lifeless and has no gloss on it. Loose dandruff shows at the parting and on his coat collar. There's no Dry Scalp on the right, thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. His hair is healthy, glossy, and dandruff has gone. Just massage

gently with this Tonic Dressing every morning, but please use it sparingly as supplies are still short.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

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WOMEN AND MEN! 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO IS NOW IN THE SHOPS AGAIN. 5d. A PACKET

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THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED

While starting a high-powered car, this man had his shin cut and bruised to a length of 8 inches through a backfire. He tried, in his own words, "everything possible", but the wound would not heal and he could not sleep for the pain. Happening to hear of T.C.P. he used it as directed, and within a week the leg was practically healed. (Original letter on file at T.C.P. Laboratories).

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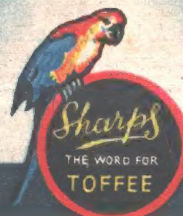


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